Vogue

20 ideas for
CAPSULE VACATIONS
– an hour
– a day
– or a week

ADVANCE
RETAIL
TRADE
EDITION

V O

JUNE 15, 1943
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On Time

AND WAMSUTTA HAS HELPED TO SET ANOTHER WORLD'S RECORD IN WARTIME

Directly or indirectly, Wamsutta's contribution to the war effort increases every day.

We heard recently that a Pan American Clipper captain and his crew had just broken all records by flying across the Atlantic twelve times in fourteen days. . . . All their sleeping en route was between Wamsutta *Supercale** sheets.

"Wartime flying schedules are tough on nerves and endurance," an official of the airline says. "They make really restful sleep tremendously important to our men. That's why we furnish their berths with sheets we know from long experience are the smoothest and finest . . . Wamsutta Supercale."

If Wamsutta sheets and pillowcases are hard to find, these days, please remember this. Many of our looms are making sheeting for war services. Many more are making other military fabrics. The usual supply of Wamsutta *Supercale* is therefore quite limited. We are sure you will understand why this is so and that you will buy only for your actual needs.

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Wamsutta SUPERCALE SHEETS

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Springfield Blankets • Wamsutta-Somerset Towels

VOGUE Advance News for Retailers • June 15
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CLOTHES FOR ALL KINDS OF VACATIONS

VACATIONS this year are catch as catch can. Many of your customers will be spending them at home, whether home means city or country; some will be working on a farm for a few weeks; some will go away for a brief time to relax, rest, exercise. But wherever vacations are spent, however brief their duration, they will still be vacations, changes from regular activities. Your customers will still want "vacation clothes." Herewith Vogue presents fashions for 1943's free time—fashions you might use in displays to point up the different kinds of 1943 vacations.

In the City

City vacations call for short, slim, cool, afternoon-to-evening dresses that are far removed from working-day dresses, that serve for all formal and semi-formal urban activities. Show some in black rayon crêpe with fringe from waist to hem to give them a "new" look (see pages 24-25); some less formal, like the rayon linen-weave dress with shoulder straps and a bare back on page 29; some in beautiful, bold summer prints (see page 40); some with straight, pencil-slim lines and little bolero jackets to make them appropriate for daytime wear as well (see page 47).

In the Country

Country vacations require a whole range of clothes—from sports clothes for out-of-door work and games, to bright, frilly cotton dresses for country social life. Plan a window display entitled "Country Vacation" which shows all the phases of country life in a backyard setting. Have one model sitting in a chair on the lawn in a cotton dress with a bare back to get the sun. Others in shorts and slacks might be working in the garden or playing badminton. Still others could be dressed for a country tea and sitting on the porch. Also include a model carrying a suitcase and just arriving, dressed in a trim, tailored, city-to-country dress or suit (like the imported seersucker ones on page 14).

On the Beach

Summer always means swimming and sunning. This year it may be for a week-end only instead of for a month or two, but women will still try to get to the water (either salt or fresh) for some time at least. Borrow suggestions for your bathing-suit displays from page 22, and show different types of bathing-suits, and with them rope-soled play shoes, big shade hats, beach bags, dark glasses with different coloured frames.

On the Farm

Hundreds of women this summer are answering the government's call to work for as long as they can on a farm or in a garden. This kind of vacation needs a whole new wardrobe—a wardrobe with blue denim as its backlog fabric. Pages 18-19 illustrate some of the "farm fashions" your customers will be seeking if they are spending a work vacation. These include long and short shorts and overalls; blue denim shirts and pinafores; colourful cotton prints and pinafores to slip into after chores are done. A gay timely window could be built around a farm scene with models wearing these clothes. Label it "Vogue says, 'Uniforms for 1943's land army.'"

Hats are in the news this summer—dramatic big ones like the hat on the cover; natural straw cloches like the ones on page 46, and large and small straw hats that complement formal, straight, short dresses (see page 47)

Quote Vogue on Vacation Fashions

These Four Quotations on Cards Without Cost

Write Vogue Merchandising Service, 420 Lexington Avenue, N. Y. C.

VOGUE SAYS:

"To wear from now until after Labor Day —crisp faille suit."

VOGUE SAYS:

"Scoop of the summer —a deep felt scoop-hat."

VOGUE SAYS:

"Bluedenim—uniform for this summer's land force."

VOGUE SAYS:

"With well-shaped hands—long long gloves."

These Quotations For Your Own Use

Put them on your own cards and use them in your advertising

READY-TO-WEAR

Vogue says:
"To take you everywhere—a halter dress with a jacket."

Vogue says:
"Have a skirt of colourful India silk."

Vogue says:
"Coolie jacket—brief and bright over house pyjamas."

Vogue says:
"Romantic short story—short, slim, black evening dress."

Vogue says:
"Pretty fringe is back again."

Vogue says:
"Tie a fringe apron around the waist of a dinner dress."

Vogue says:
"A fringe sash dresses up a simple dinner dress."

Vogue says:
"Decidedly evening—short silk print dress with a bare back."

Vogue says:
"Adaptable sun-catcher—dress that unbuttons in back to form a deep V."

MILLINERY

Vogue says:
"Little crown hats are crowning the best dressed heads in America this summer."

Vogue says:
"Round-crowned straw cloche—prettiest of summer vacation hats."

Vogue says:
"Have a sunshade hat the colour of sunshine."

Vogue says:
"Pliable and light—a Madagascar sombrero made of raffia."

Vogue says:
"A natural straw cloche sits high and mighty pretty."

Vogue says:
"Cloche of Panaire straw—as American as an ice-cream cone."

Vogue says:
"Wear a straw sailor with a turned-back brim—the better to show your hair."

WORK AND PLAY CLOTHES

Vogue says:
"Slip into a gingham pinafore for light chores."

Vogue says:
"Blue cotton chambray—for an after-work dress."

Vogue says:
"Agile idea for hard work—blue denim pinafore."

Vogue says:
"Row your boat in a white shark-skin play-suit."

Vogue says:
"Knee-length overall of blue denim —wear it with or without a shirt."

Vogue says:
"Have a denim pinafore for both indoor and outdoor jobs."

ACCESSORIES

Vogue says:
"Brighten a dinner dress with a be-flowered fish-net sari."

Vogue says:
"Convert a day dress into an evening dress by a belt of chiffon scarfs."

Vogue says:
"With your short summer evening dress—long, hand-stitched doeskin gloves."

Vogue says:
"Black satin gloves—most elegant summer accessory."

Vogue says:
"Have a beach bag of sailcloth with a cork bottom."

Vogue says:
"Handsome and easy on the eyes —dark glasses with coloured plastic frames."

Vogue says:
"For wear near the water—duck shoes with rope soles."

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JUNE 15, 1943

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FRINGE OF THE DAY... slim black

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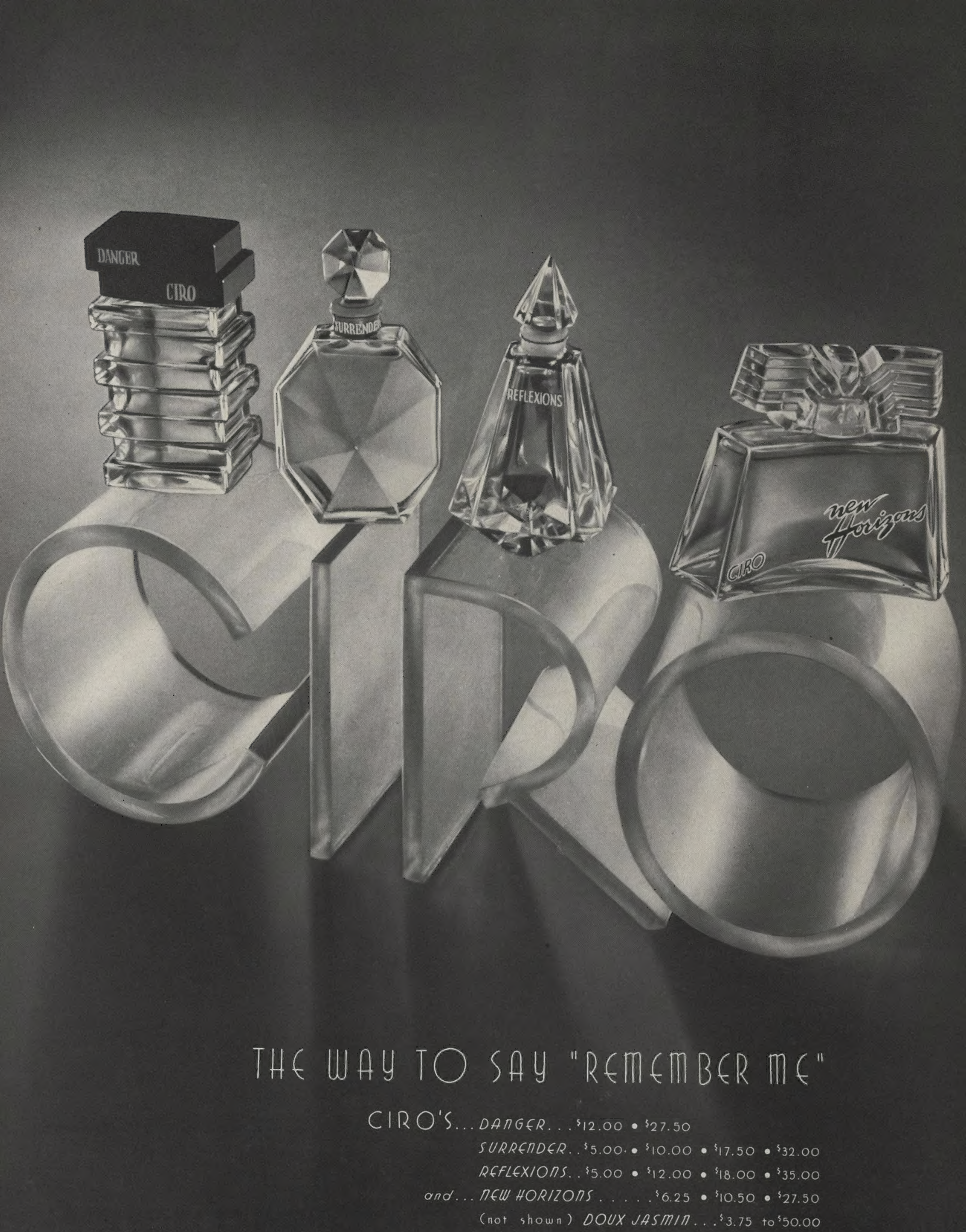
Bonwit Teller

NEW YORK AND WHITE PLAINS



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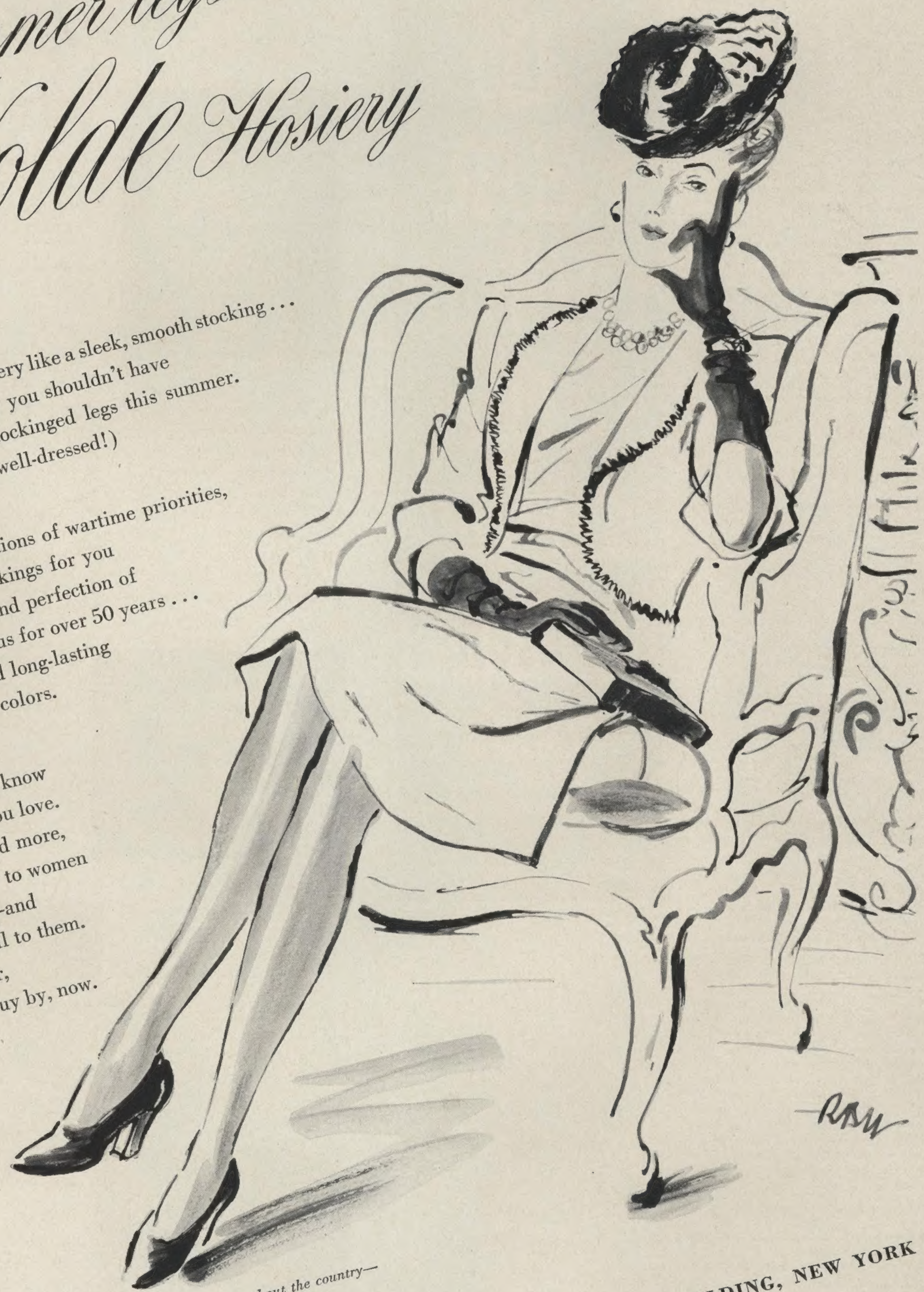

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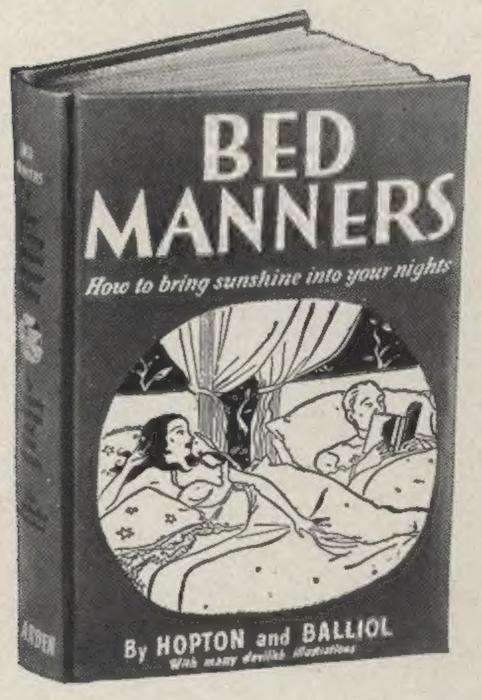

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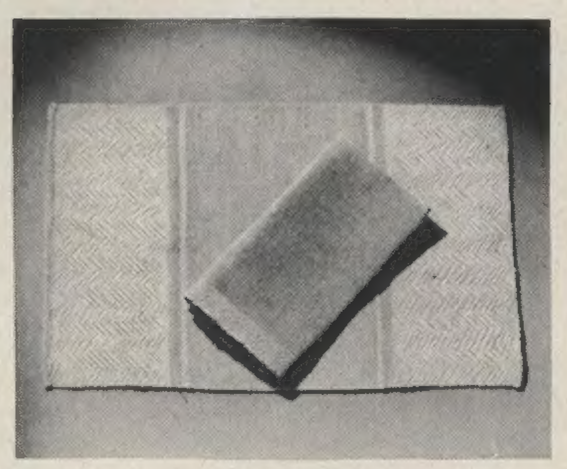
The Shirt on His Back—if like this of woven linen—has all the cool casualness that is so welcome on a hot summer day when he wants to relax. And the one shown is a real investment, because the tailoring is in the finest Sulka tradition. It comes in quite large blue, brown, or brick and white checks; or, if preferred, in monotones; 14½ to 16½. $10.50, postage prepaid. A. Sulka and Company, 661 Fifth Avenue.

All Set. Summer meals will stake a claim on this hand-woven linen set. Lovely colours: écru, dusty-rose, and turquoise. Service for eight: mats, big 18-inch napkins, and a scarf. $36, postage prepaid. From Max Littwitz, Inc., at 7 East Forty-seventh Street. See them also for linen towels.



Your Cup of Tea, or coffee, or camomile, is a pretty special one if it's in Spode bone china with white and multicoloured flowers and a deep red border. There's a complete dinner service in this exclusive pattern, which was first created between 1800-1820. From Alfred Orlik at 421 Madison Avenue.

Match for It. These matches with real leather slip-covers come in a round carton—twenty-one jackets and eighty refills that are changed in a gesture. In blue, brown, tan, and rust; $7.50 monogrammed, plus postage. Set of 12 with floral design; $3.50. Evelyn Reed, 524 Madison Avenue.

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Vol. 101, No. 12
Whole No. 1700

Hound

Under the Big Top. Sure-fire flattery—a big black hat, and, in straw, the 6½-inch brim is not frowned on by W.P.B. This baby Milan is edged with braided straw that gives a lacy shadow. When you get a skyscraper view of the crown, you'll see that it's the new low-wide variety, coming to a point in front. The perfect heading for summer city blacks and prints. About $35, and custom-made. From Janet Rose, at 665 Fifth Avenue.

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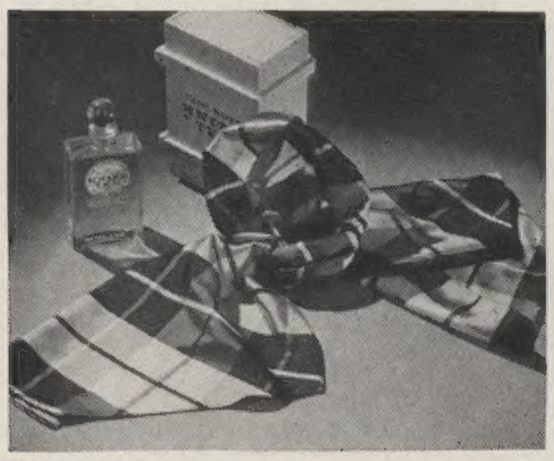

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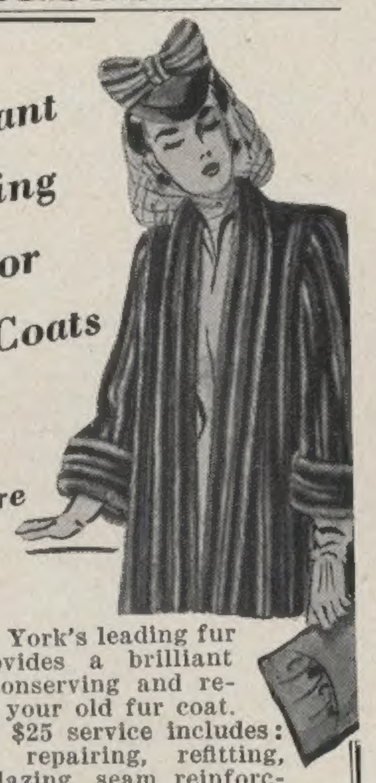

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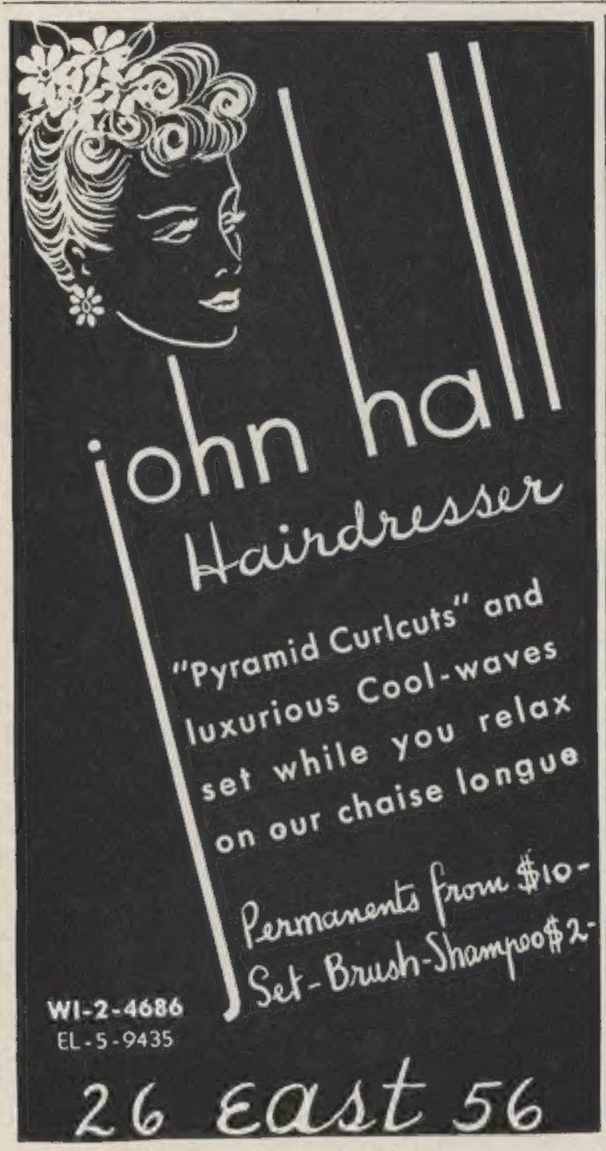

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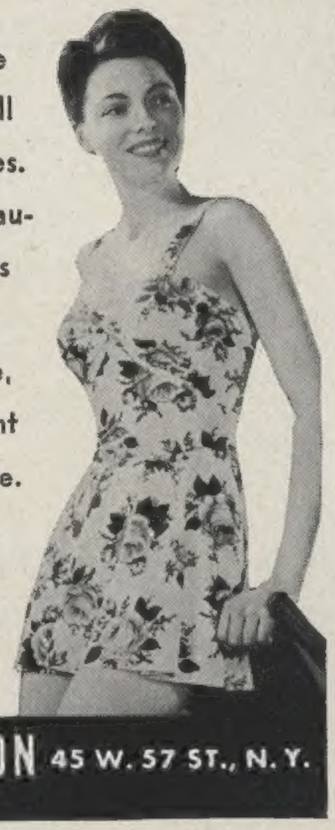

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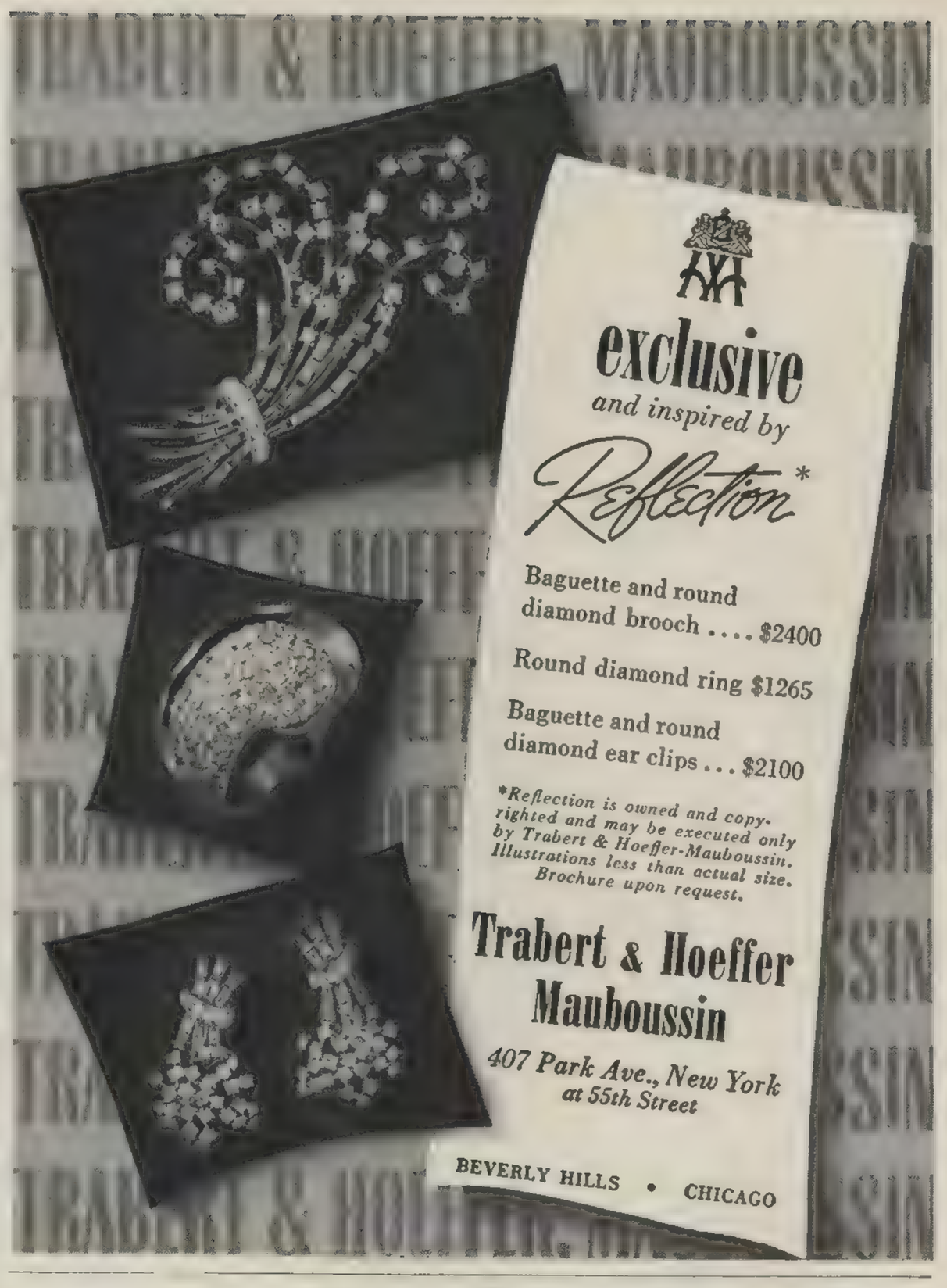

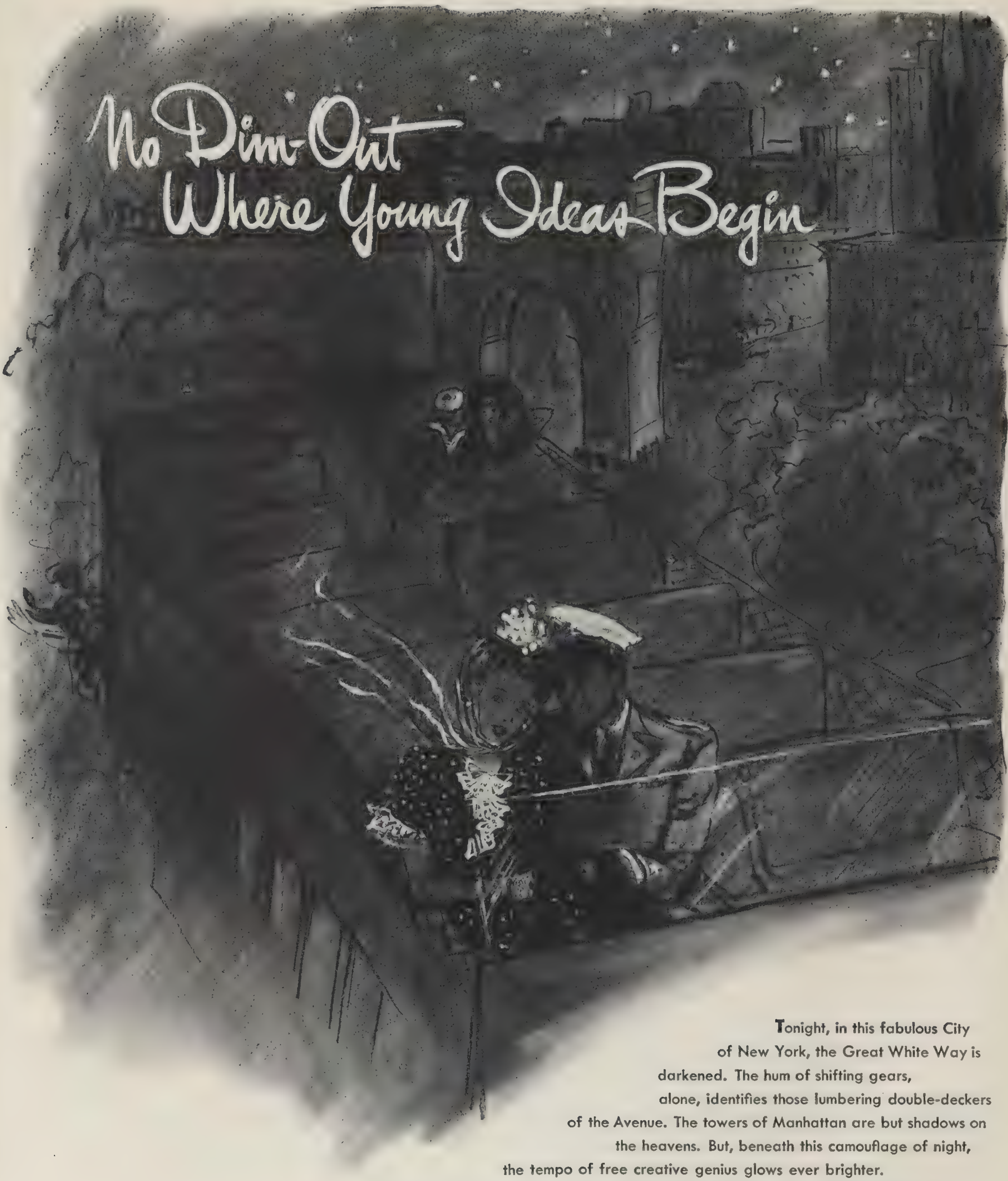

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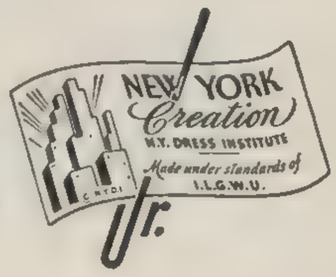

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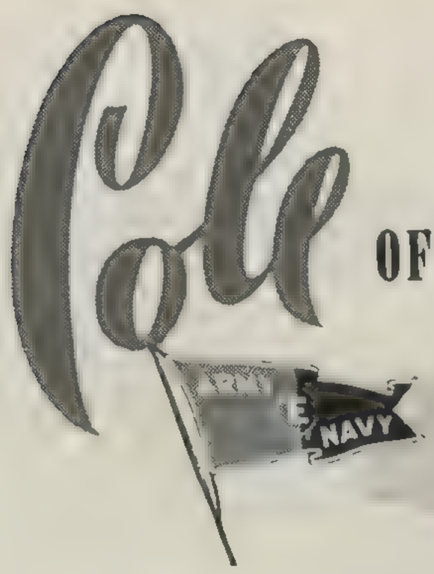

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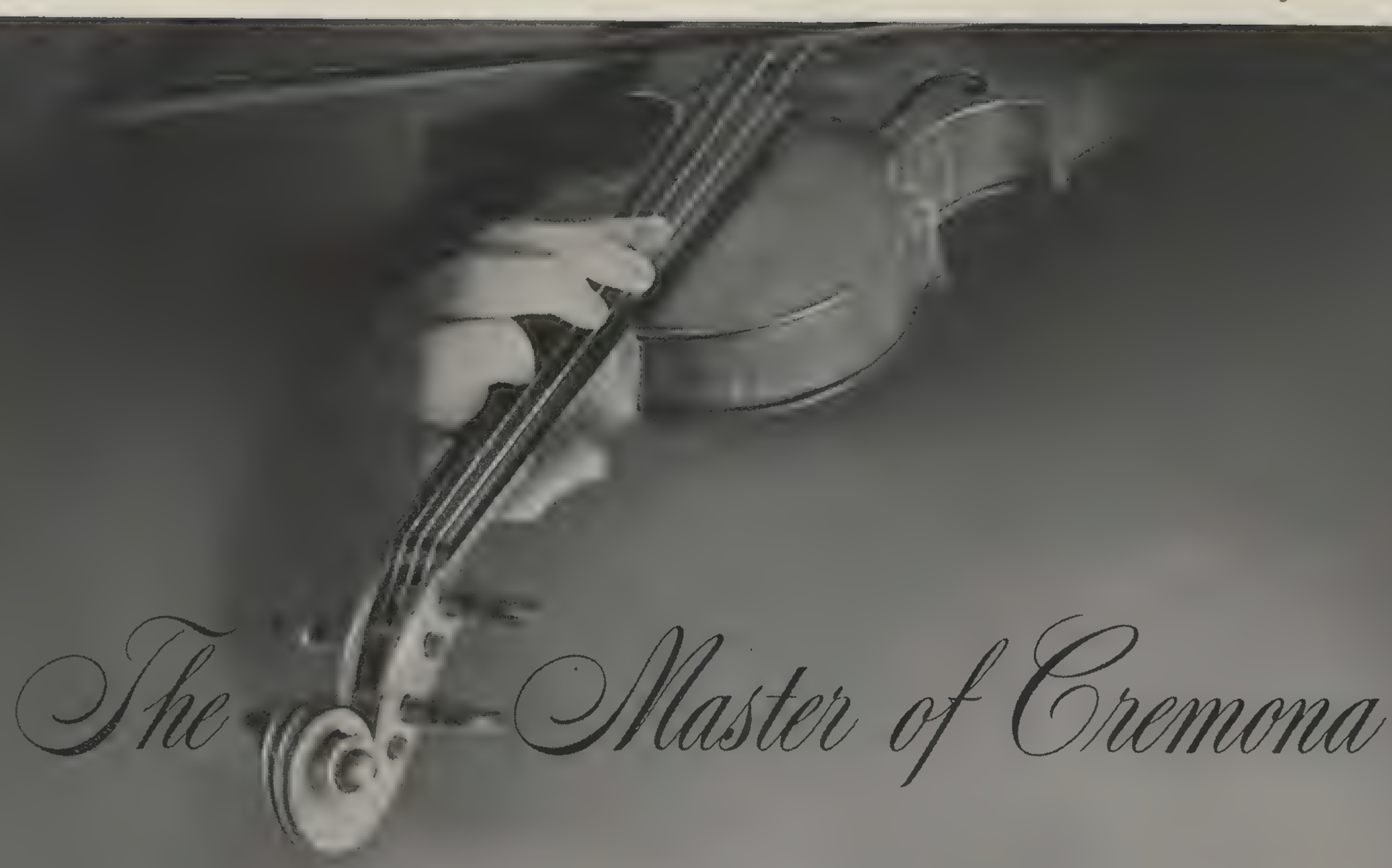

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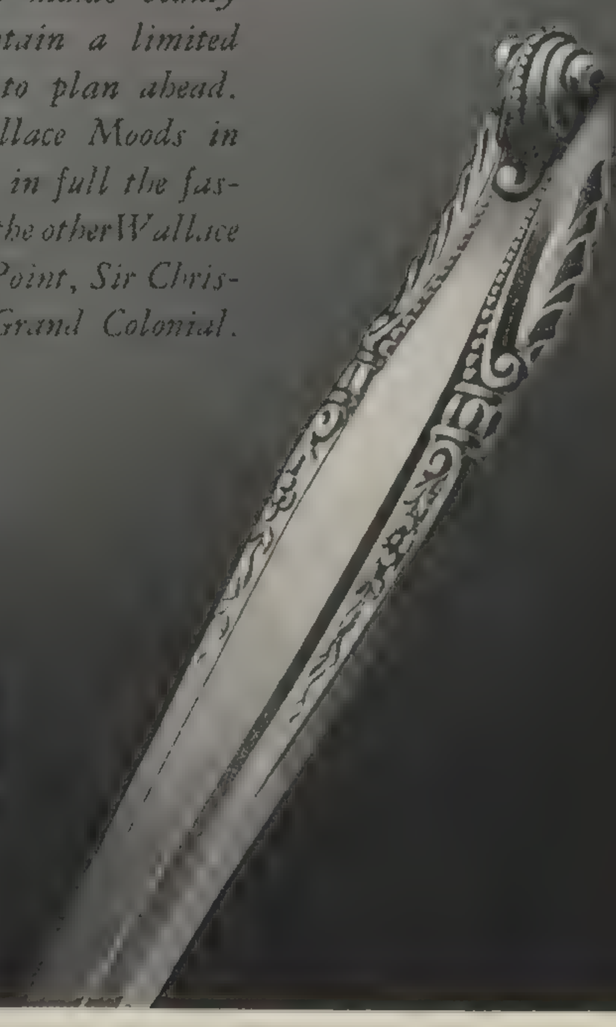

Stradivari

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JUNE 15, 1943

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INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

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(French Vogue is temporarily suspended)

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Dear Corinne: Were I one of those frail creatures of my mother's generation, I should be inhaling my smelling salts instead of writing to you. But I know how eager you are to hear about Kay's wedding and as first-cousin-in-her-affections you are entitled to a ready report.

It came with the rush of a whirlwind. First the little cloud—but a very bright one—that was the hope and promise of a few days leave for Stephen. Then the confirmation that he would arrive on Wednesday and the proposal that they be married on Friday. Time allowance for mother and daughter to make the arrangements was exactly five days; and how we crowded the hours with the innumerable details, with which you are fully familiar, but which you took in your leisurely stride with your wedding planned and carried out with the calendar's customary grace.

Your Uncle Albert was caught in the center of the maelstrom and fluttered about with his checkbook open and pen in action. How and when he got fed, is still a mystery. But he was an angel through it all and marched up the aisle with military smartness, born of his service in the last war.

One important detail we had to forego, because of lack of time, and that was the engraving of the invitations on Crane's Paper—a custom we have honored in both our families for these several generations. But we are making amends on this score by sending out announcements on Crane's to the uttermost branches of the family tree and to all of Kay's and Steve's friends; a goodly host as you well know. And for all the letters I hope we shall get from our newlyweds, I have supplied Kay with some of Crane's new air-post paper, and Steve with a man-sized box of Kid Finish stamped with the Army insignia.

One thing we shall never forget nor cease to regret is that you were not here, but we could not compete with Jack's brief shore leave. So, we toasted you along with the bride, and the Army and Navy forever!

Affectionately
AUNT EDITH

Your name, address, and twenty-five cents, sent to Crane's, Dalton, Massachusetts, will bring you a usuable selection of open-stock paper and envelopes.

CRANE'S FINE PAPERS • MADE IN DALTON, MASSACHUSETTS • SINCE 1801

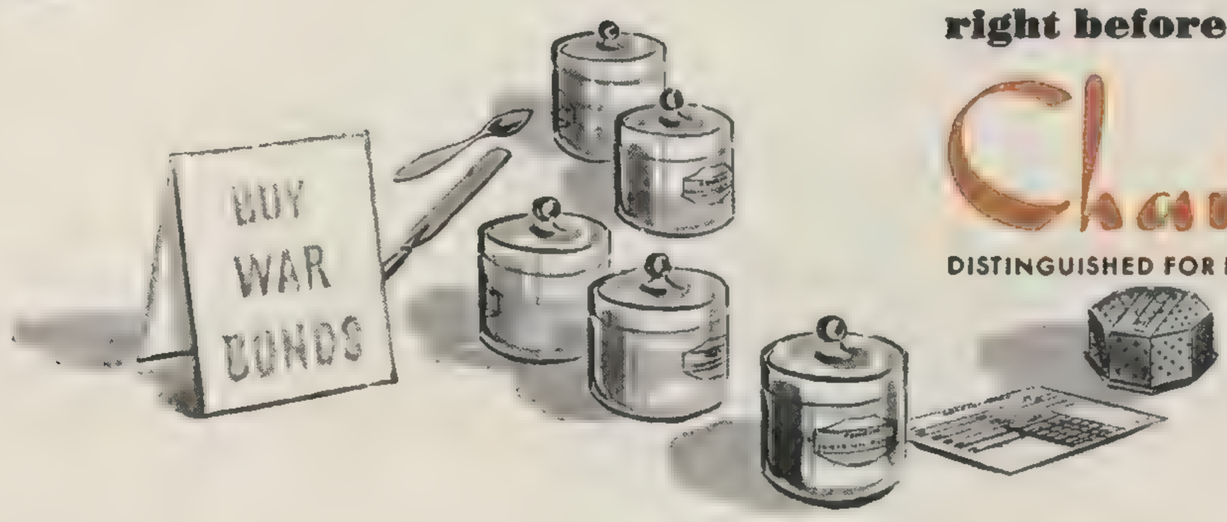
IN UNIFORM–AND OUT
IN BRILLIANT COLORS
IN SOFT PASTELS

I'M ALWAYS AT MY BEST BECAUSE...

my face powder **is blended expressly for me–to my own skintone–right before my eyes by**

Charles of the Ritz

DISTINGUISHED FOR HAND BLENDED POWDER AND EXQUISITE COSMETICS



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A warm, deep café au lait shade

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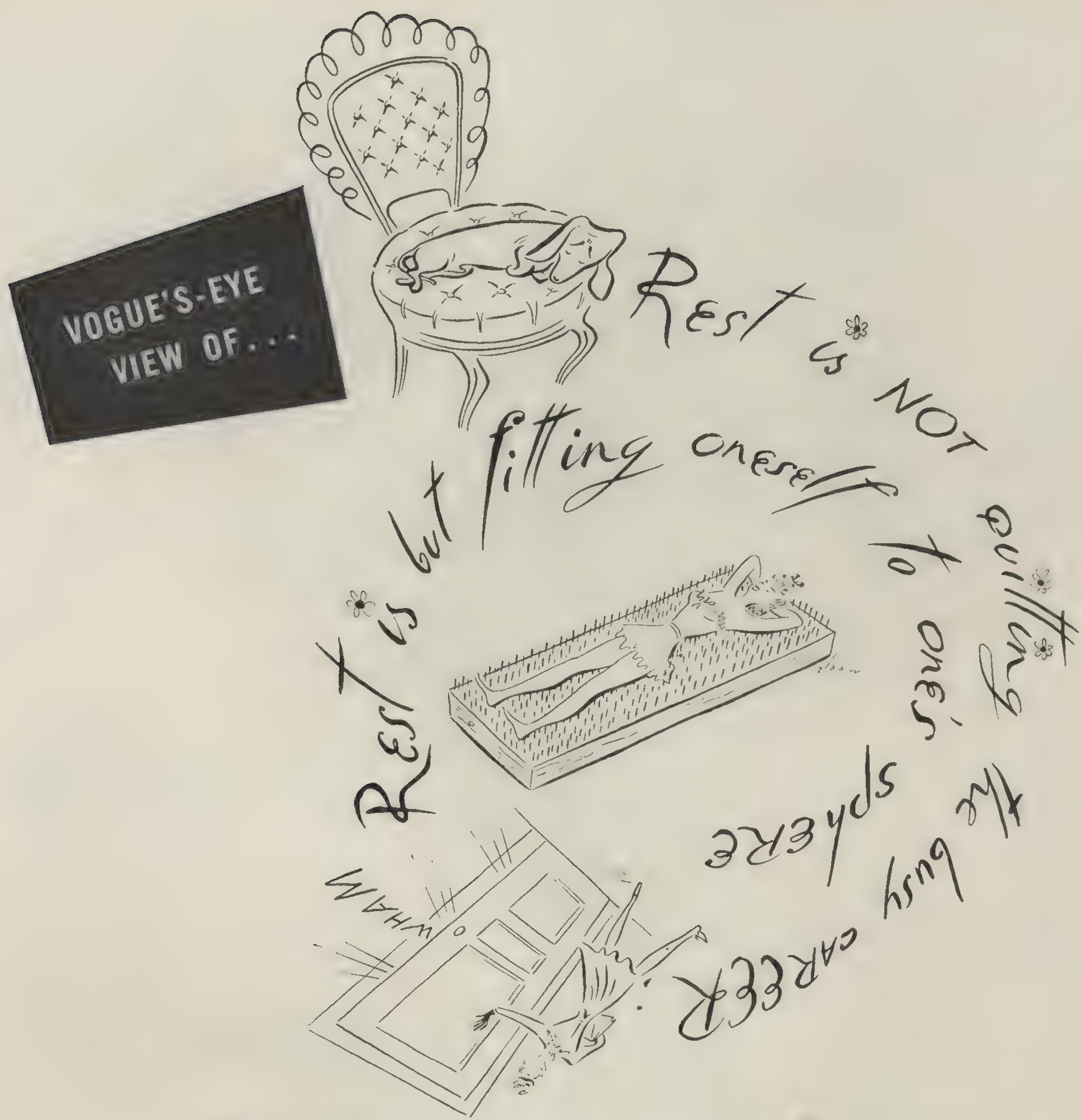
perfumes



REST? Vacation? Far from a frowned-on frivolity, your Government recommends it this year as insurance against production lag. An hour of rest can put punch into hours of work. Putting our backs in the sun now and then helps to keep our shoulders to the wheel. Rest, as the old motto above says, is not quitting the busy career; rest is but fitting oneself to one's sphere. So rest. How? The ways are many, ranging from a cat-nap (Prime Minister Churchill takes one every afternoon) to any one of the twenty capsule vacations suggested herein. Not all vacations are rest, but all rest is a vacation. Only vacations that do not contribute to well-being are saboteurs of time.

So take a vacation. Where? What's the matter with your own backyard? It has flowers, sun, vegetables, and the bluebird could as well be there. Not change enough? How about a farm? Picking crops is pungent change from desk work, and beamed on by the Government. Try a bicycle, a horse, and see things you've never seen before because you were always just past them when they happened. Try your own two feet. Only—if you must—take a train. But have a heart. You may be going on a vacation in the berth a private could have used to bring him home. If you do go by rail, go nearby—preferably no farther than a day's journey away. Go and return in the middle of the week, avoid overcrowded week-ends. When you get there, stay put instead of junketing around. Or postpone your holiday to the off-season. Buy that ticket only if your reason for going is good...which means better than a lark.

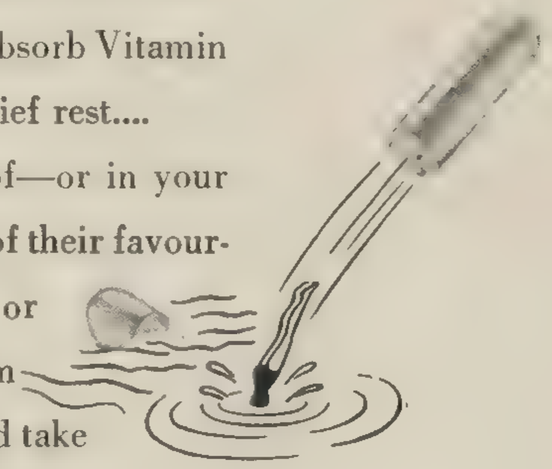
Twenty Capsule Vacations

A capsule vacation? It's a concentrated dose of sun or fun to recharge your energy. A holiday tonic that will send you back to your old job with new life. We give you twenty here, ranging from cat-naps to carriage tours. Tire-less, gas-less, train-less holidays that the Government beams on...and so will you

Hour vacations—6 of them

Snatch an hour's vacation in the morning before work. Get up an hour earlier and go out to the local Army or Navy air base and volunteer for the dawn shift of serving coffee.... Or go for a swim before breakfast—you'll go back to your desk with wet hair, but wet hair and vacations are synonymous.... Turn your lunch hour into a brief holiday. Take a cat-nap at noon or lie on the terrace or roof in the sun and absorb Vitamin D.... Or, if you're near the park, rent a boat and row your way into a brief rest....

Plan, some evening, a canned concert under the stars on your roof—or in your back-yard. Invite a few friends to drop in around nine, bringing along six of their favourite records, ruling out such conventional choices as Beethoven's Fifth or Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony," ruling in a wide musical range from Boogie Woogie to Scarlatti.... Or, some evening, collect six service men and take them to dinner—change is one of the great vacations, and that should be a change.

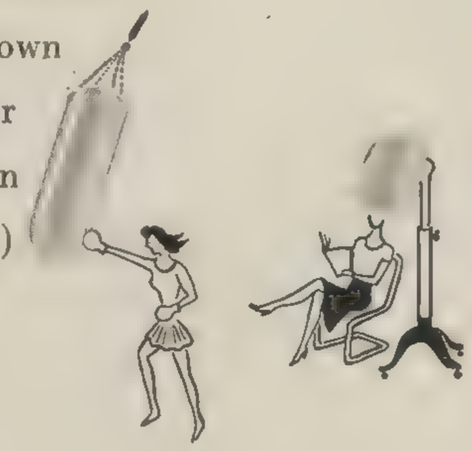


Day vacations—5 of them

Spend a day—or more—exploring the familiar. Poke through the back streets, the old historical sections of town, get up early enough to see the local farmers' market in full swing, or the fishing smacks bring in the day's catch. One New York woman intends to spend her entire holiday just exploring her home town—New York....

Hang a "Do Not Disturb" sign on your door for one whole day; turn off the telephone, park the children with friends, draw the curtains, and spend the day in bed.... Or take a one-day cure, concentrating on health and beauty—following a strict régime of eating, sleeping, dieting, relaxing, exercising, massaging, and beautifying—just as if you were staying at a health spa....

Go against the traffic of your town; journey down some Sunday to your local Wall Street when offices are closed and roam about the quiet, empty streets—journey down by slow-footed trolley instead of the subway for a change.... Or make a spa of your own back-yard—resurrect an old-fashioned hammock and doze in it. Your own yard can be the great 1943 resort—American plan. (Continued on next page)

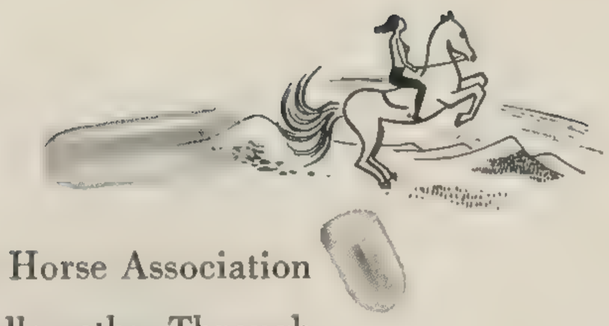


← One-horse Holiday (opposite)

No tires? No gas? Get a horse and take a capsule vacation like the two girls opposite. They've left New York behind. They're heading north—paying toll here on the Henry Hudson Highway—destination shady country roads and wayside inns. They're setting off in cool cotton seersucker—a red-and-white dress and a grey-and-white suit, their Vendôme hamper well-packed. Clothes: Hattie Carnegie; Erlebacher, Washington, D. C.

BALKIN

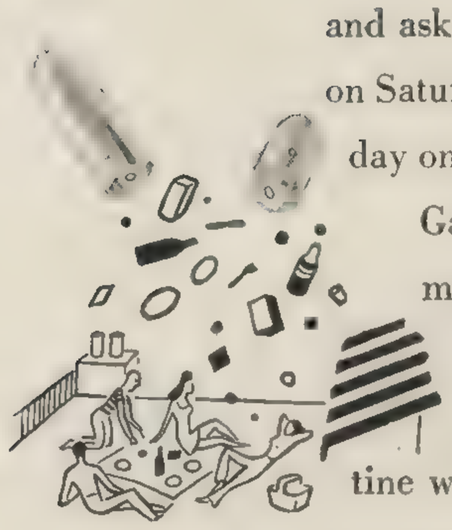
More capsule vacations, following



Week-end vacations—6 of them

Take a horseback trip through Vermont; the Green Mountain Horse Association in Rutland handles the details, plans the itinerary over marked bridle-paths. Through them, you can find out where to rent horses, also what hotels and farmhouses have accommodations for horse and rider....

For you who are marooned in town, reverse the usual summer week-end routine and ask friends to spend the time in town with you. Instead of the Country Club dance on Saturday night, take them to the local pub or hot spot. Have a basket lunch-party Sunday on your roof or terrace. Do nothing more active than play a game of Gin Rummy....



Gather a group who are studying Spanish, add a few who already speak it, and mix well. Don't be self-conscious, say what you're thinking even if you have to fall back on English. This is more fun than being ham-strung by a grammar book. Add a Spanish touch to the menus: tamales, saffron rice, fish cooked the Argentine way, out-of-doors. A samba on the phonograph helps loosen the tongue and improve the accent.... Another idea—call up the Officers' Club and plan a house-party around a group of lonely officers and your endless list of temporarily unattached women....

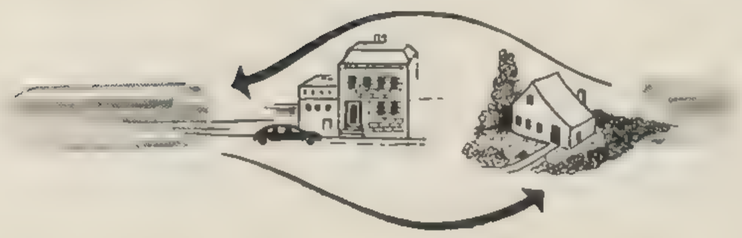
The American Youth Hostels, at Northfield, Massachusetts, will help you plan a walking trip. In return for your dollar membership fee, they will advise you about preferred routings, and suggest a list of hostels (there are more than two hundred) where you can stay for almost a song. A list of less-Spartan ones is also available.... Or, if you'd rather take to two wheels instead of your own two feet, they'll map out routings for bicyclists.

Week's vacation—3 of them

Take a trip on a windjammer, provided you don't live too far from the coast of Maine. Captain Frank Swift, of Camden, has five of the old-time Yankee coasting schooners, clipper-bowed, with fat sails and hempen rigging. A week's cruise costs under fifty dollars. The schooners can accommodate from ten to twenty passengers, so you might plan your own pay-as-you-go yachting party....

If you live in town, swap houses with a friend in the country. And if either of you is lucky enough to have a servant, he or she goes with the house. (You'll be much happier with your own arrangements after sampling the grass in the other kitchen.)...

The best vacation of all is to hire yourself out to help neighbourhood farmers pick their crops: spinach, tomatoes, berries, peaches, apples—any vegetable or fruit. Thousands of volunteers are needed—if the crops are to be saved. Experience isn't necessary, you can register or get information from your local County Agricultural Agent, the U. S. Employment Service, the A.W.V.S., Y.W.C.A., or O.C.D. You can give one week, two weeks—any amount of time to it. Even though you've never thought of yourself as a farmhand, consider this. You'd be doing a national service and find yourself full of health, sunshine, and well-being.



Picking—a Vacation →

Sun and spinach...good for you, good for the Government. Picking crops is hard work, but a fine vacation, too. Last year, two-thirds of the Connecticut apple crop was saved by volunteer pickers. All through July and August, America's fruit and vegetables ripen—three hundred thousand volunteers are desperately needed. It's the vacation that pays

BALKIN

Holiday-Working Plan

1

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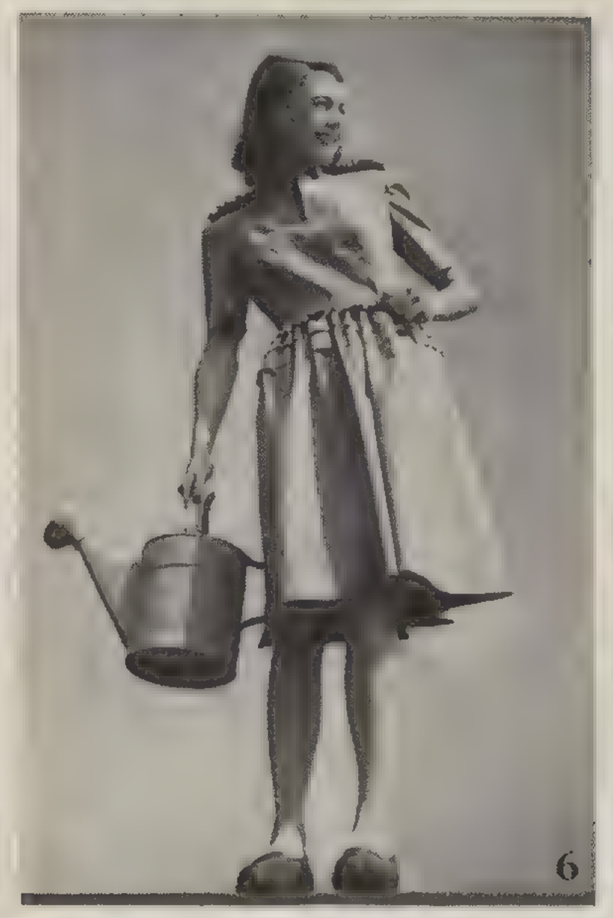
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7

8

9

KAY BELL

CHANGE is the Great Vacation. And work—if it's a change of work—can be a perfect holiday. Picking the local crop of fruit and vegetables (as the Government would have us) is nice relief from desk work. So is tending your own garden. Try it and see if you don't whistle while you work. Here are seven uniforms:

1. Blue gabardine shorts; jersey jumper; about $8. Best.
2. Brown corduroy shorts, cotton shirt; under $8. Best.
3. and 4. Hard-working blue denim. Long shorts with a shirt, short shorts with a halter top—four pieces (about $9) of a seven-piece farm outfit. Lord and Taylor.
5. Knee-length, bare-back Sailing Blues overall. $4. Best.
6. Chambray at-ease dress. $12. Bendel's Young-Timers.
7. Chambray light-chore pinafore. $8. Peck and Peck.
8. Blue denim pinafore for in-or-outdoor tasks. $4. Best.
9. Old farmhand—denim overall. $4. Peck and Peck.

OPPOSITE PAGE. One of the land army—in the same blue denim overalls as shown in photograph #9 →

BALKIN

TONI FRISSELL

Exercise

She rows, rows, rows her boat gently down the stream, merrily, merrily, merrily—but she knows that life's no dream! Rugged—very! Work—plenty! But she also knows that to keep in the swing of things she must escape them now and then. For her, exercise is the thing. Like the tick of a clock, it makes ready for the rewind. Nautical knots untie the nervous knots, but it could as well be golf, tennis, swimming. Classic shirt and shorts

Relax

Drifting and dreaming—but she's not letting any shadows fall under her eyes! Seemingly inactive, she idles not at all. In a quiet way, she works as efficaciously as a vitamin pill, catching health in the cradle of a boat. For her, rest is the thing. Not tense, only tired, she simply sits it out, knowing that the woman of the year, this year, is either fit as a fiddle or she's a lost chord! Her blue gabardine slacks; $30: Saks Fifth Avenue

Capsule Vacation—H_2O+Sun

Above: Navy-blue duck Oxford. White laces. Rope platform. Water repellent. $5. Right: Rope-soled "Alpargata." (Espadrille Mexicana.) Under $3. Both: non-priority. Both; Lord and Taylor

Above: Black halter and shorts of Celanese rayon satin. $23. Bergdorf Goodman. Black-and-pink "Reel-Poise" suit. Of rayon taffeta, with "Lastex." $8. From Saks Fifth Avenue

Beach bag of green sailcloth, cork bottom to stand on. $6. Dark ground lenses, plastic frame, handsome and easy on the eyes. $3. Madagascar sombrero. Pliable. Light, of green-and-white raffia. Under $3. • All from Altman

Suit of Velvacord rayon-and-cotton, canary-yellow. Under $6. Bloomingdale. "Reel-Poise" shartex suit, one-piece. $9. Saks Fifth Avenue. "Reel-Poise" suit of blue cotton chambray, fitted bodice, full skirt. $7. Best

H_2O+Fun →

She keeps an oar in a little fun. White sharkskin play-suit. $10. Scarf, under $3. Both: Abercrombie and Fitch. Suit: Garfinckel's

TONI FRISSELL

Fringe of Summer

Fringe again—in a summer version—on a short dinner sheath of black rayon crêpe. Designed with simplicity—worn almost casually. Wide, low neck-line. With a big, shadowy hat, or a flower in your hair. This dress and the one opposite, under $50

Simplest dressed-up dress of summer; black rayon crêpe with a great, fringed sash. Supper dress a beau will long remember. Dresses on both pages: Adele Simpson designs at Bonwit Teller; The 28 Shop, Marshall Field; I. Magnin

ANTIQUE COUCH, LAVEZZO

RAWLINGS

ON EVERYBODY'S HEAD . . . these little crowns

THIS *is* the hat! Five in fact. Five versions of the little crown hat, a brimless rim ringed round with bows, acorns, flowers. You saw it first in March 1 Vogue; it still goes on, crowning some of the best-dressed heads in America. Designer Miss Jessica likes you to wear it high and centered squarely. All five hats are Bergdorf Goodman Originals.

1. Dinner-suit crown of black horsehair, satin bows.
2. Day-suit crown of natural-coloured straw acorns.
3. Tailored version—black satin with four bows.
4. Town-suit crown of pale blue felt; blue bows.

At right: Dinner-dress crown of luminous white flowers, worn by Joan McCracken, a ballet dancer in the musical play, "Oklahoma!"

Opposite: Shoulders—a dream of Strauss waltzes; short skirt—reality 1943. Molyneux's inspired evening dress of black rayon crêpe, tulle ruche, and bow—most romantic short story we know. Scent of "Sans Gêne" perfume. Doeskin gloves. All: Henri Bendel

RAWLINGS

JOAN McCRACKEN OF "OKLAHOMA!"

People are Talking about...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The little boy who saw a French poodle and cried, "Why, I didn't think they were making those any more."... The invasion points, Turkey, the Balkans, or Italy, each the pet striking point of pencil-and-pad strategists... Italy, hanging like a browning plum that nobody wants because of its condition... Evelyn Waugh's re-issued book, *Decline and Fall,* a walloping, satirical book, full of Oxford and P. G. Wodehouse dialogue on a somewhat higher I.Q. level than the Drones...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The idiocy of the movie, "Stage Door Canteen," with its fabulous list of stars, mouthing dialogue so inept that it isn't even elevator conversation... Betty Bryant at the Ruban Bleu, singing the rolling rhythms of the German song, "Lili Marleen," with its English words, its English fun... Joseph E. Davies, who has become the core of an international, intellectual fight since his movie, "Mission to Moscow"... The rivalry between the men of the Navy and the women of the Navy. Sang the men, "If the WAVES and WAACS are winning the war, what the hell are we fighting for?" Sang the WAVES: "If the WAVES and the WAACS are winning the war, what the hell are you griping for?"...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The religious folk art show at the Museum of Modern Art, with its exquisitely touching carved figures of the Saints, its real jet earrings on the Madonna... Finland's payment of her war debt on May 1... The low-keyed, exact dispatches of Drew Middleton in *The New York Times*... The newsy show of work clothes of every kind at the Brooklyn Museum... The propaganda of the Germans to their own people—a sharp, cold listing of Germany's own conqueror pattern to scare them into a finish fight... The simplicity, the brilliance of *We Were Free,* by Constantin Joffé, who has written, in this book about prisoners of war, an exact account of one man's emotions during barrage battle...

PEOPLE Are Talking About... The Seadrome route to Europe, steel islands set eight hundred miles apart from here to the Continent... *Sophie Halenczik, American,* by Rose Feld, who has written one of those simple, honest accounts, lightly funny, deeply moving... The North African edition of the "Stars and Stripes," with its "Guide to U. S. Homecoming Vets," explaining the quaint ways of the home folks thus: "Eggs in powdered form are unobtainable, and you will have no choice but to eat them directly from the shell; in restaurants you will usually see natives huddled in a corner over a contrivance with small iron balls, lights, and bells which are ringing furiously. This is known as a pin-ball machine. No one has ever been known to win, however, and Americans are very sensitive about it. Never comment on this fact. In churches, auditoriums, and other public places, you will see women surreptitiously slipping their feet out of their shoes and wiggling their toes. This has no religious significance. Any woman under thirty-five may safely be addressed as 'Baby.' And when you do that, buddy, you'll know you're home again."

SUMMER'S BACK (opposite)

For Sunday or any day when you're taking a breather—a dress that's meant for sun-bathing in your garden and/or dining coolly at home. Of chocolate Ameritex rayon in a linen-like weave; $11. A Claire McCardell dress. Lord and Taylor; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Himelhoch's. Over winter-white skin, fake a summery, *all*-over tan with Max Factor Hollywood "Pan-Cake Make-Up"

HORST

BACKSTAGE *at the* NATIONAL GALLERY

A few secrets of Washington's newest museum

BY FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

"NEXT to cantaloupe, Andrew is my favourite Mellon."

That little eulogy was culled from the guest-book in the Service Men's lounge at the National Gallery at Washington. The volume contained a thousand other tributes pitched in much the same key of ecstasy. A few of them I troubled to note down:

"Please tell F. D. R. to station me in Washington! Thanks, Bud." "And some people talk about the Grand Canyon!" "Thank God, America is giving art a roll." "Not enough Renoir—otherwise superb!" "Champagne in the fountains would complete the picture." Finally—and this I did not need to transcribe: "I am glad to have something worth fighting for."

To bring the National Gallery so sympathetically into the lives and sympathies, not only of men in the Armed Forces, but of a vast and miscellaneous public, as well; to make them think of it as a living, inviting, almost a singing thing, three miracles had to be performed. The first was to erect a building costing $15,000,000, that was seven hundred and eighty-five feet long and three hundred and five feet wide—or approximately the size of the Capitol—with a rotunda one hundred feet high, and with ninety separate galleries containing well over two hundred thousand square feet of floor space.

A goodly degree of magic was also required to fill those galleries with accredited and consummate works of art. But a third and comparable order of miracle was needed to imbue the entire institution with a pervading sense of friendliness and warmth; in other words, completely to animate and *humanize* one of the dozen largest marble buildings in the world.

A generation before the National Gallery had been conceived, the generally accepted purpose of Art Museums in America was the collection and preservation of works of art. Supplementing that aim, emphasis was placed on meticulous scholarship, since erudition, in those days, was erroneously thought synonymous with good taste. Such museums were interested in the public, only in so far as the public was interested in *them;* their real concern was, quite avowedly, the acquisition of objects to be displayed.

But the National Gallery, once it acquired its first group of treasures—the paintings and sculptures of Andrew W. Mellon—set out with a double aim in mind. First, naturally, there was the desire to broaden the æsthetic horizon of visitors, and to give them so correct an understanding of other times, peoples, and cultures that they might acquire the international outlook so necessary in the modern world. Their other aim, and almost as near to their heart, was to convert the Gallery into a quasi-social institution, a meeting-place not only for the pursuit of æsthetic activities, but for relaxation, fraternizing, music, and similarly natural orders of enjoyment. (Continued on page 32)

Judith and Holofernes, by Mantegna

This famous panel by Andrea Mantegna (1431-1506) is one of the treasures of the National Gallery. The picture—no larger than this page—was once in the collection of Charles I., though attributed, at the time, to Raphael. Mantegna, the chief master of the Paduan School, painted this representation of the death of Holofernes, sent by Nebuchadnezzar to destroy the Temple in Jerusalem. Instead, Holofernes was captivated by Judith, a rich young widow, who first plied him with wine and then, as he slept, severed his head with a sword.

BALKIN

The most popular painting, Renoir's "Girl with Watering-can," from the Chester Dale Collection

CONTINUED ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES

BALKIN

In the Service Men's lounge at the National Gallery

Rolling-chairs not necessarily for invalids

From its very beginning, the National Gallery has captured and held the public imagination. So much is this true that two million people visited it during the first year of its existence; an attendance precisely double that of the Metropolitan Museum, four times that of London's National Gallery, and six times that of the Louvre, in Paris. It must be remembered, too, that the paintings at Washington were, in the Museum's early days, only a fifth as numerous as those in the Metropolitan, or in the National Gallery at London, or at the Louvre. The fact, too, that the population of New York, London, and Paris was six times that of Washington, serves to give the National's roster of two million visitors even greater significance.

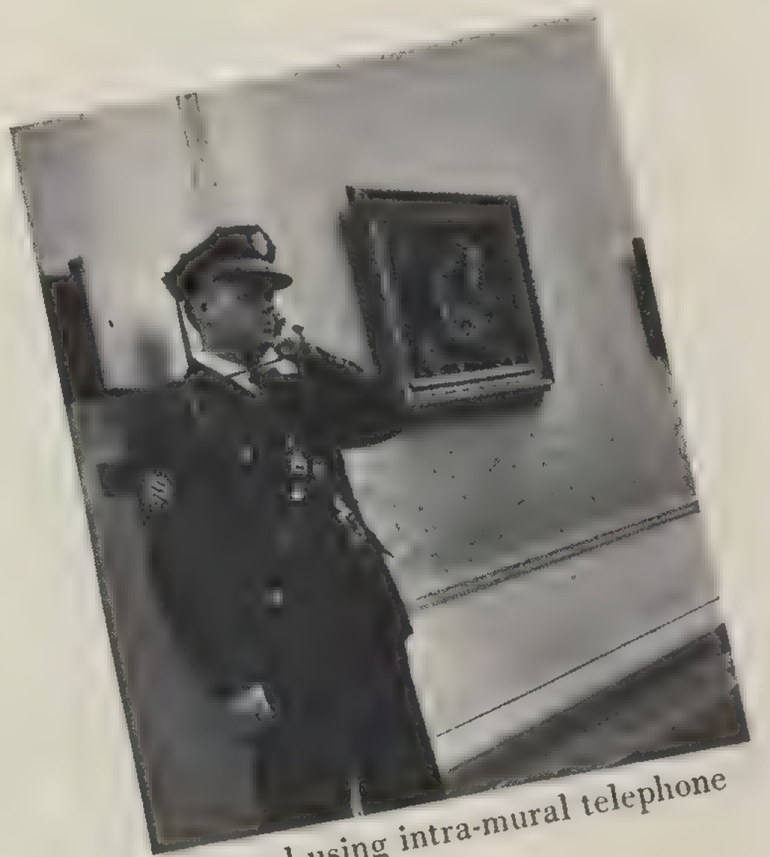
The credit for humanizing the Gallery, for giving it an air of warmth and good-will, has in a great measure been due to David E. Finley, its Director. From him, as from a fountainhead, the infusing spirit of the institution seems to flow. Fortunately, he had worked, long and intimately, over the plan and the creation of the Gallery with both Mr. Mellon and Mr. Pope, preceding their deaths, in 1937, a single day apart, before the Gallery had been built. Fortunately, too, aside from being a man of tried taste, he is a man of the world, as well—practically a prerequisite in anyone filling so delicate, so difficult, not to say so formidable a post.

Mr. Finley's career has been well rounded: a lawyer by profession; a Second Lieutenant in the First World War; Special Assistant to Andrew W. Mellon when he was Secretary of the Treasury; an adviser to the American Delegation at the London Conference of 1931; and Honorary Counselor at the American Embassy, in London.

The rest of the Gallery's present staff—Harry A. McBride, its administrator, for example, and Macgill James, its Assistant Director, are similarly men of great knowledge and ability, while its First Curator, John Walker, managed to survive, practically unscathed, four years of study under Bernhard Berenson in Florence. It is significant that in none of the curatorial staff is there a trace of the purism and preciosity so often, and so regrettably, met with in curators.

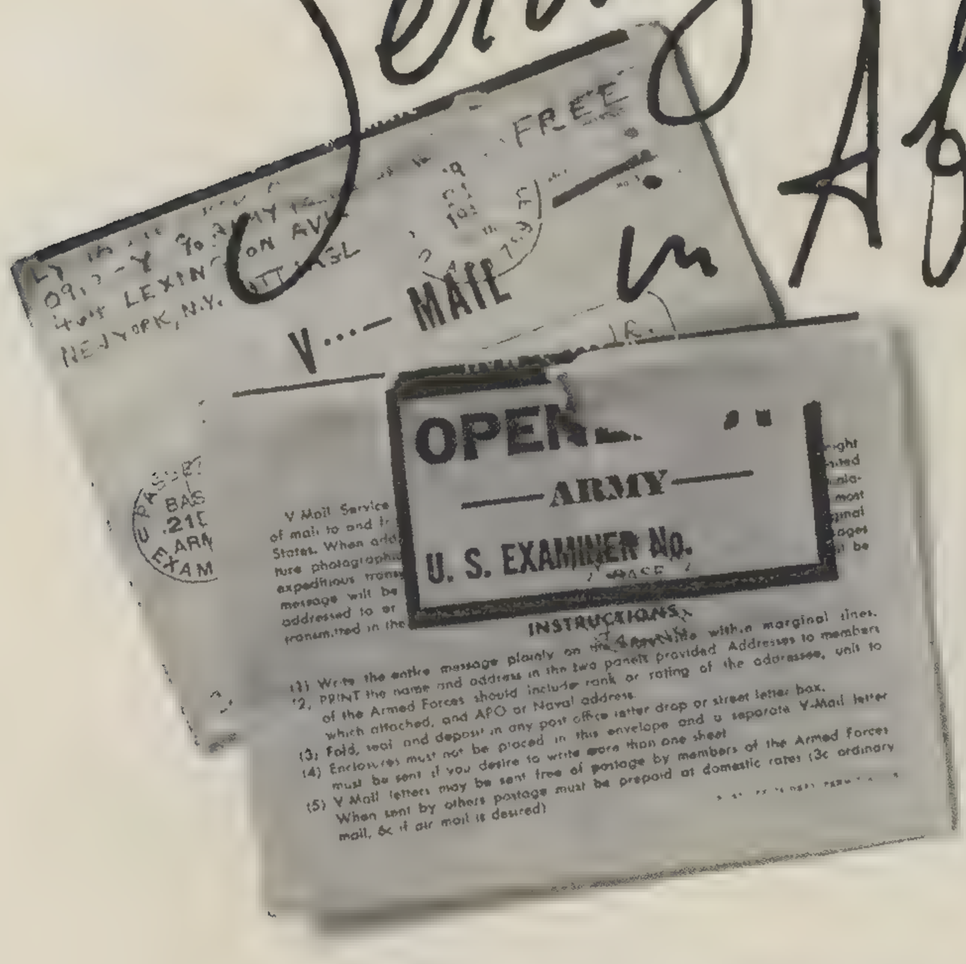
The Museum has, since its founding, also received unfailing and invaluable aid from its entire Board of Trustees. (Continued on page 62)

Opposite page. On these great racks, the National Gallery keeps its famous paintings, some of them its own masterpieces, some of them the scattered treasures of the world, now hidden, now secret, now safe



Guard using intra-mural telephone

Serving in Africa



THREE VOGUE EDITORS WRITE ABOUT THEIR WORK OVERSEAS WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

LYDIA EMMET SHERWOOD is now a Clubmobile staff assistant with headquarters in Algeria. A writing editor, she came to Vogue straight from school and, except for a year on The New Yorker, has been on the staff ever since. Like her uncle, Robert Sherwood, she's a clear-eyed intellectual, an impassioned idealist.

KATHERINE DUER BLAKE is now a staff assistant with headquarters in Cairo. As Vogue's hostess editor, she dealt with linen, silver, and food. A daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Joseph Blake, a half-sister of Ellin Mackay Berlin, she collects fans and recipes, and has a passion for entertaining.

BETTINA WILSON is now a staff director with headquarters in Algeria. A fashion editor on French Vogue, she lived in Paris for six years, returned to American Vogue just before the fall of France. She loves people and activity... and has a talent for domesticity and getting things done.

Lydia E. Sherwood

Somewhere in North Africa

DEAR ALL: How do you like the dateline on this? Not that there's any date, for two reasons; I don't know whether we're allowed to put any on; and I don't know what the date is. As they said we could write "North Africa" at the top, I've done so, with what feelings of excitement you can imagine for yourselves. We land early tomorrow morning, in skirts, thank heavens. We've all had on the same pairs of baggy, droopy-drawer slacks for two weeks, and can't wait to get them off.

Next to that, our most urgent needs are hot baths, shampoos, and laundry facilities, all in the order named. We have, of course, had salt-water showers, but they just don't seem to get the dirt off, somehow. Our fresh-water supply is limited to two canteens-full a day, for drinking, washing, and toothbrushing. We fill the canteen twice a day when the water comes on. Occasionally it stays on long enough so that you can rinse out something, like a pair of socks previously washed under the salt-water shower.

The piquant thing is that no one knows when the fresh water is coming on, except when a shout goes up and down the corridor, "Hey, the water's on." Then you grab your canteen and scramble.

The officers and men on board get the same amount and, on the whole, look much cleaner than we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 66)

THREE PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST

Katherine Blake

Cairo

DEAR ALL: I received a little French Pierrot card, left here for me by a soldier passing through. On the back it said, "Tell Kay Blake in Cairo that Bettina Wilson is in Constantine, Lydia Sherwood in Casablanca."

If LaGuardia could see Cairo, he would have a stroke..... (three lines deleted by censor) the streets are jammed with dilapidated navy-blue and white taxicabs and horses and carriages, known as "garrys," all going every which way, all screaming at one another. Most extraordinary of all are the funeral processions. The hearse, a great white-and-gilded chariot, decorated with huge gilded angels and imitation flowers, glass-enclosed and drawn - if it is a grand funeral - by a long row of white horses.

Here it hardly ever rains, dust storms there are, but rain practically never. The sunlight is a dry, blinding glare, and dark glasses are almost a necessity. At night it is cold. No wonder there is as much green as there is in the world. You realize here for the first time what it is to be without it, how much your eyes long for the fresh wet green we have at home. There is the green of palm-trees and cacti here, but it is overlaid with a thin film of dust, and all you see are sand-coloured buildings, sand-coloured streets, and sand itself for miles. It is only when you get into the Delta region that you see thick, moist

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 68)

Bettina Wilson

At Sea

DEAREST ALL: Life at sea - whether you are travelling on the luxury liner of peacetime or on a troop ship in a convoy - has the same old familiar pattern. The corridors and decks and saloons are empty except for a few objectionable, healthy people who become more and more unpopular as the ship rolls on. After the first seasick season is over, pale, interesting faces begin to appear on deck. "I wasn't sick - I just thought I'd rest up for a few days." Everyone eats twice as much as they want, just to prove they can.

Then the gambling starts - poker games, crap games, pools as to where the ship is going. Then the coupling begins - Ed and Esther, Bill and Mary. War or peace, shipboard romances go on, the sea is wonderful, the air divine, rumours rife, friendships sudden.

The big difference in wartime and peacetime travel is that on a convoy ship you are never without your life-belt and your helmet. Your life-jacket becomes your blanket on deck, your pillow, your protection against the winds, the dirtiest object you ever nurtured against your breast. The blazing decks of peacetime are replaced by complete blackout - a moon that penetrates the most impenetrable spots, companion ships to watch, sailing side by side with you.

Terror struck my heart in Washington when the Red Cross

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 60)

SUMMER SET...

MRS. SHEVLIN WEARS A BLUE DINNER-DRESS WITH A FLOWERED OVERSKIRT. MOONSTONE JEWELS

HORST

Mrs. Thomas Shevlin in her flowering apartment

AT THE DOOR OF HER RIVER TERRACE, MRS. SHEVLIN IN A COOL SILK PRINT SUIT

SAME DINNER-DRESS AS OPPOSITE, TRANSFORMED WITH SHEER FICHU AND APRON

WHEN these pictures were taken in Mrs. Shevlin's sun-and-flower-filled New York apartment, she had just returned from Havana, where her husband, Lieutenant (j.g.) Thomas H. Shevlin, of the Coast Guard, has been stationed. He now waits new orders. She temporarily opens her New York apartment, volunteers for the Red Cross, entertains many official Latin-American visitors.

Here are samplings of her practical wardrobe, which bears out her reputation for light, sure-handed taste: a narrow, bright blue dinner-dress (opposite page, and upper right) which she transforms with an overskirt of flowered silk organdie, or with a tiny transparent apron and fichu; her baby-blue and pink printed silk bolero dress, with a bamboo-handled parasol to match (she has always carried parasols). Further reflection of her sure, individual touch: her wistaria-and-white chintz living-room, with its pale blue-green walls accented with red velveteen chair, red Bohemia glass; her three superb Raoul Dufy water-colours—fresh and brilliant and a pleasure to see...like her wardrobe, like her river apartment.

IN THE GREEN WRITING-ROOM, "PAPERED" WITH TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHS

Alicia Markova... Top Flight

EFREM KURTZ, CONDUCTOR, WRITES OF THE GREAT BALLERINA, COMPARES HER WITH THE LOVED PAVLOVA

THAT floating, feather-like grace on the stage is called Alicia Markova. She dances "Giselle." In the whole life of modern Russian ballet, the unearthen white, transparent, and utterly touching Giselle can't be separated from Markova. Should she ever disguise herself completely beyond recognition, I still would know her immediately. I would recognize the way the tips of her toes catch the rhythm, the way her movements transfer the music to the stage, the way she commands the music, holding firmly ensemble and audience. I wonder whether she could not conduct the orchestra from the stage if the musicians could only see her. A conductor never has to support Markova in the air as she does an *entrechat*. She and orchestra stop together in the same split second as she finishes a whirling *pirouette*. Conducting for a dancer like Markova is like accompanying a great pianist. She always speaks of "tuning up" before a performance. For she plays the instrument of her body.

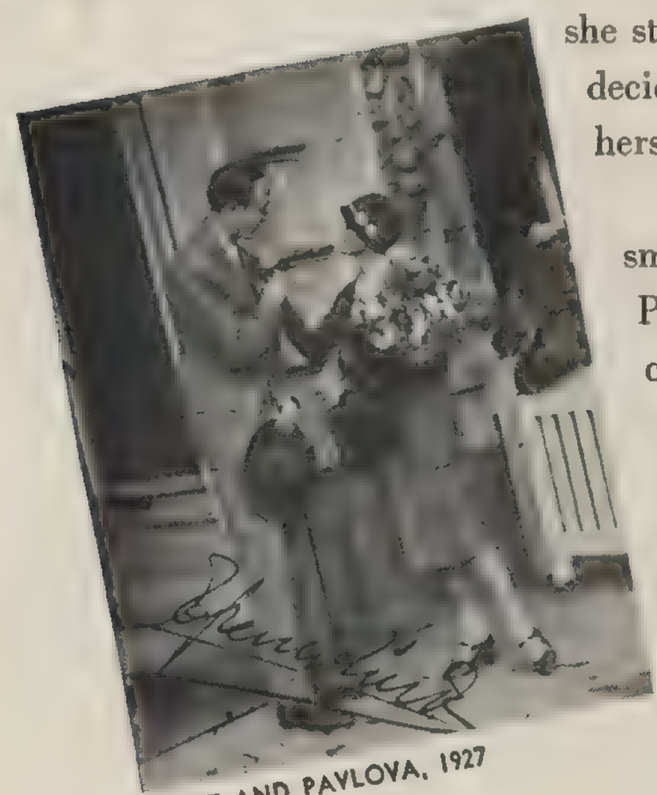
Before a ballet is performed, Alicia discusses with the conductor the various passages of music, questioning a *tempi* or an instrument. Music is the only element which pushes her into a rage. So sensitive is she to the single instrument, to the orchestration and performance of a composition badly played, that she loses her temper. Small, delicate, brittle, with furious muscles, she will throw somebody off his feet in the true sense of the word. Her scenes then are worthy of a great *prima ballerina*.

Just as great musicians are often compared and found alike in certain interpretations of music, so it also applies to dancers. It is right to parallel Russian Pavlova and English Markova. (I have conducted innumerable ballets for both of them.) They had certain likenesses in their profound approach to their parts, their conscientiousness in working out a part, their strong determination to accomplish. But their greatest similarity lies in their complete conquest of earthen weight.

Their style is the same: their *adagios*, their *grand battement*, their small variations have the same approach. Their legs, their nerves, have enormous precision. But Pavlova, with less technique and perhaps a shade more style, with her enveloping dynamics, took more freedom for her dance. She took every advantage. For her arabesque, she would hold the position of her leg, while the music filled and backed until she was ready to go further. The music followed Pavlova, Markova follows the music. Where Pavlova was magnificent in classical ballet, but not as strong in modern works, Markova is equally strong in both. Her "Giselle" is a classic of classic ballet; her "Rouge et Noir," her "Romeo and Juliet," are classics of modern ballet.

But as personalities they were quite different. Markova, with her soft baby voice, her English-Irish parentage, has, on the whole, an even temperament. Pavlova was a fireball. Both artists have in common, however, a solid stubbornness. Although Alicia worked with Russians for many years, she still does not speak their language, but sticks to her own British, spoken with a decidedly British accent. If, however, a Russian word is ever mentioned about herself, her expression suddenly reveals that she understands perfectly well.

Pavlova was proud and attention-demanding. She walked into a room like a small queen, her chin in the air, and everyone whispered, "There's Pavlova, there's Pavlova." She grasped the party like a cloak and threw it around her thin, enchanting shoulders. Markova, equally small and delicate, is shy, timid, inconspicuous, deliciously witty in a little group. Pavlova had a dozen interests, a great collection of birds, a passion for poker. After (Continued on page 75)



KURTZ AND PAVLOVA, 1927

ALICIA MARKOVA IN HER TOP RÔLE, "GISELLE" →

GJON MILI

RAWLINGS

I like to remember...

By Oliver St. John Gogarty

Notes on memory and poetry, by a famous physician who was called in for consultation at the rebirth of Irish letters. Dr. Gogarty, friend of the Irish great, probably remembers more poems than any other poet extant...For a week's vacation from random reading, devote an hour a day to memorizing lines you like

In the days before the invention of writing, the history of the tribe or clan, the exploits of the chieftains, and the pedigrees of the families (on which the title to land depended) all had to be held in the mind of the historian. This historian was invariably a bard. It can hardly be doubted that, in order to help memory, rhythm was invented. And it was Æschylus who said that memory is the Mother of the Muses—here the Muse of epic and lyric poetry.

In every period of civilization, there have been methods and nostrums for improving the memory. That which helps the memory most is interest in the subject. The next best help is association of ideas. In fact, without association of ideas it is almost impossible to remember. There is little or none of this association in proper names, which are easily forgotten, though the individual be remembered. How often has that imbecile and unapprehended bore, with his grinning "I know you don't know who I am!", proved this? If any more proof be wanted of the difficulty of dispensing with associated ideas when trying to memorize, let anyone try to repeat this jingle from the unfamiliar language of the Basque two or three days after reading it, well, as many times as he likes, say ten.

"Shibbidy, shibbidy,
Tischa ling,
Tomba, tomba,
Bousconchillio,
Coca, mako, tara, ja,
Kreiss, krass, palio,
Shouka, shouka, lina, lina,
Quishon, kashon,
Toupin."

Presumably this is some child's catch, like "Eena, meena, mina, mo." But how infinitely harder to remember, for we are too old to learn by rote, and it has no rhyme or familiar rhythm. It might as well be a selection of names from some outlandish telephone directory.

Blank verse is a very great aid to memory because it has an underlying sound-rhythm, pattern, or channel which leads you to expect something that will fit and flow into it. Music provides another example of how memory can be cultivated. Conductors who go through whole symphonies or concertos are witnesses of what must seem to the uninitiated to be prodigies of memory. In both cases: Poetry and Music, we have examples of how in turn the Mother of the Muses is aided by her children. Undoubtedly, memory can be aided. It may even be developed in childhood by learning things by rote.

I must confess that I can remember only poems. I can't remember prose. No fault of mine, but the death of my father when I was twelve and a half years old caused me to be sent to a "boarding-school"...to a series of boarding-schools in Ireland and England, from which I was not to escape for almost seven years.

One of them was conducted by a black-a-vised man who was said to have been crossed in love, and so he entered a community of celibates who took, alas, to teaching boys. This is what he gave us for dictation: "Sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal, every other suffering to forget, this wound alone we cherish and keep open."

The quotation is not accurate. It could not be. Instead of that interest in a subject which is one of the helps to memory, this filled me at that early age with gloom and revulsion, with intimations of the tomb. It did more: It made me totally incapable of remembering prose of any description. And that is why that, though I can remember verses which I love, I should have to select a building in which there would be a prebendary to prompt me if I were asked to recite in public the simplest prayer.

Mercifully I have forgotten my seven years at school.

But I remember poems, because there are certain rhythm-hungry cells in, maybe, (Continued on page 65)

Minimum After 7 (opposite)

Short as it is, this dress is decidedly *evening*. As formal—and as bare—as your floor-sweeping ball dress. And similarly responsive to long black gloves. Marble-printed pure silk crêpe with two bouquets of red roses—one on the shoulder, the other on the hip. A Traina-Norell design. From Bonwit Teller; The 28 Shop, Marshall Field; I. Magnin. "Full Red" lipstick by Yardley. Interior by Robsjohn-Gibbings

BALKIN

ACTING NEWS NAMES: these R.A.F. men are watching the acting-out of Tobruk (toe broke; Edna Ferber pun) by Miss Joan Phelps. Standing with her is Larry Lesueur, CBS correspondent, recently back from Russia. On the couch, Leonora Corbett of "Blithe Spirit"

Three Games... DILEMMAS, MEMORY, PUNS

Three amusing, bemusing games, as played by three notable New Yorkers: Neysa McMein, artist-cartoonist; Richard Myers, a director of the Philharmonic Orchestra Society; Margaret Leech, author of "Reveille in Washington." "Truth," "Authors," and "Charades" are the innocent old models

BAFFLE QUESTIONS

Neysa McMein cooked up this dish, with Noel Coward kibitzing. It's one man's meat, another man's Tuesday. It's a way of discovering what you think, and what your friends think of you. Actually, it's your children's candid, cruel Truth Game, larded over with Freudian implications.

Concoct a series of convoluted ethical dilemmas. The player who is "it" leaves the room. The dilemma is posed to the remaining players, who must answer what they think the "it" player would do. Write down the answers, recall the "it" player, ask her (or him) the question in the presence of all, see whether the answer jibes with friends' analyses. The pretty lady in the illustration at the left ponders this dilemma: "If you could be a glamour actress for five years at the price later of gaining one hundred and fifty pounds extra, would you?"

• Other Baffle questions by Neysa McMein, on page 69.

CELEBRITIES

Richard Myers complains that most people approach his game too playfully. "Ha, ha, just like 'Authors'," they say, "and easy as rolling off a duck's back!" But 100% correct indicates a genius, or a spy. In its simplest terms, the trick—not simple—is to identify the subjects of sixty portrait-covers of *Time*. To prepare the game, cut out the pictures, deleting captions. Paste six on a big, bright, cardboard panel, mixing nationalities, a Serb, a Britisher, an American, a Frenchman, a German. Make ten such panels...Twenty minutes is the time-limit (well, thirty, if the party is in tears). And it's private initiative—no whispering.

KARGER

Mrs. W. Averell Harriman and Mrs. Vincent Astor, backed up by Mr. Richard Myers

ACTING NEWS NAMES *(opposite)*

Margaret Leech has commandeered Charades, remodeled it. Words are all taken from current head-lines, the approach is wild and rowdy, the puns are unspeakably worse. Of all names, Russian names are easiest. *Moscow* is a rustic discussion of Mother's dairy. *Peking* is variously interpreted, invariably ribald. With William Harris, Miss Leech once acted out three names, involving one recalcitrant automobile: *Dakar, Kharkov, Stalin.* (The car, car coughs, stalling.) For *Metaksas,* Russel Crouse, noted playwright, looks at an income-tax form, starts to cry.

The Funniest Gags... ON BROADWAY

Here are the socko lines, the one-two punch-lines with the highest decibel amusement score for New York audiences. They are what the erudite call belly-laughs, what "Variety" calls bellylaffs. None of them are beveled wit, shy, or laconic. All are a combination of pantomime and walloping crack

KARGER

"I'm a General, and nobody gives a goddam"

This famous line from "The Doughgirls" raises the Lyceum's roof, mainly because the General, who is trying to be heard in the bedlam of a Washington farce, is merely airing what the audience already feels about the Washington situation. The embroiled General is Vinton Hayworth; from left to right, William J. Kelly, Doris Nolan, Reynolds Evans, Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan.

BOB GOLBY

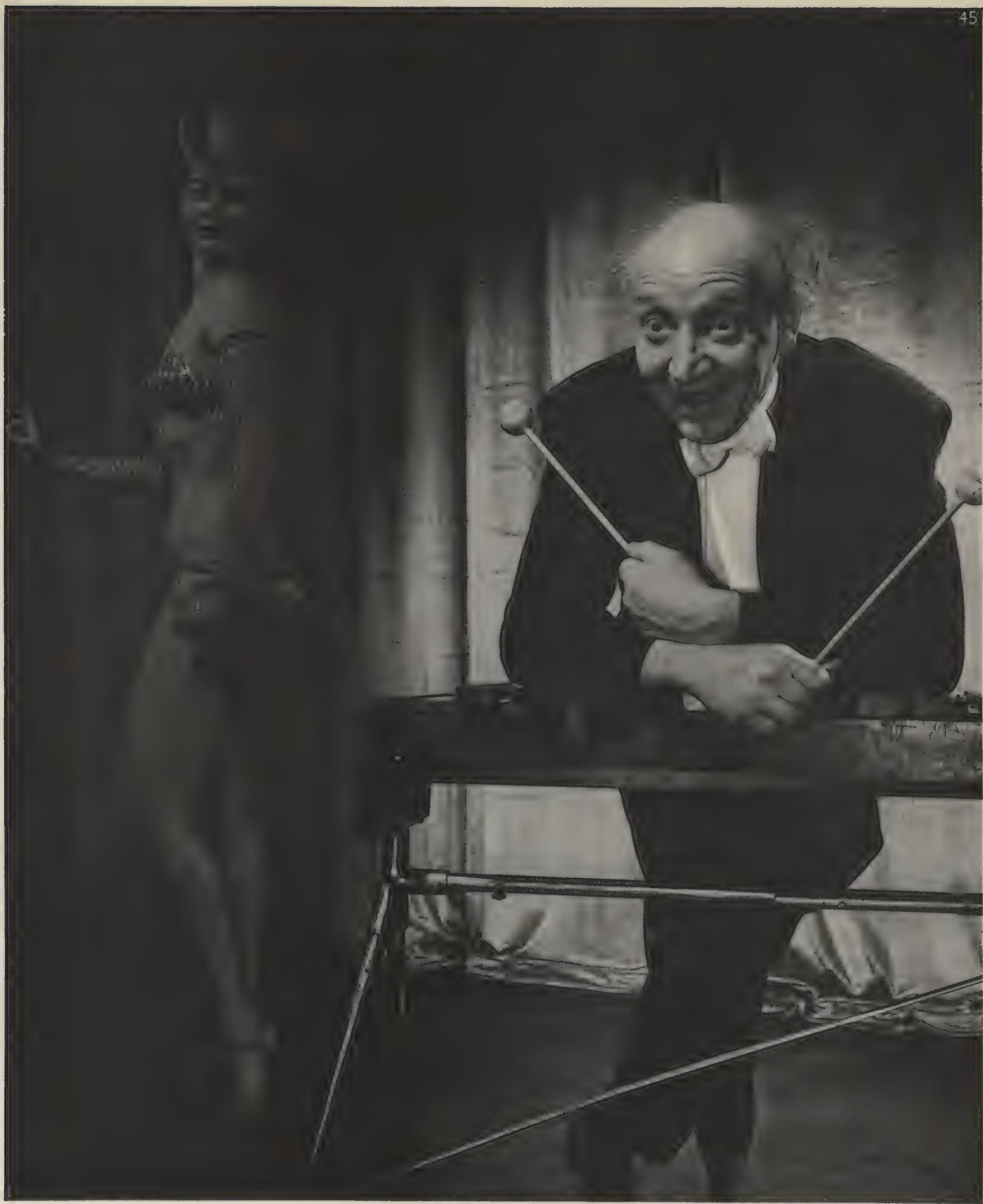
"It's not the money, it's a matter of principle"

This famous line from the "Ziegfeld Follies" is the culmination of one of those schizophrenic skits in which the man behind the counter flatly refuses to sell two doughnuts for five cents when the standing price is five cents each. He will throw the extra doughnut away. He stands rigidly firm on price. It's not the price, it's the principle. In the picture are Sue Ryan, half-undressed; Milton Berle, the counterman; and Jack McCauley, the perverse customer.

KARGER

"May I take this opportunity to thank the ladies for my beautiful necktie"

This famous line from "Dark Eyes" is the culmination of its funniest scene—when two enchanting Russian ladies, innocent and penniless adventuresses week-ending on Long Island, leave a gaudy tie as a tip to the Negro houseman, Willoughby. The ladies are now closeted in the bathroom under the impression that they are committing suicide, a situation that convulses the audience. At that exact moment, knocking on the door and bowing his appreciation, comes Willoughby, played by Oscar Polk with deep subtlety.



KARGER

"You sure know good music when you hear it"—Professor Lamberti's famous line in "Star and Garter," as he finishes his xylophone solo, "The Anvil Chorus," unaware of the audience's delight—a nudish show-girl behind him

RAWLINGS

(First) Heroine hat of natural milan decked with daisies. Black velvet bow. Bergdorf Goodman Original. Straw cloche. High-and-mighty pretty. John-Frederics

JOFFÉ

Most elegant summer accessory— long gloves of black satin. $15. Ruby bracelet. All; Bergdorf Goodman

TONI FRISSELL

Sentimental Journey in the prettiest of vacation travel hats. Cloche of Panaire straw. American as a vanilla ice-cream cone. And so good. Without clips, around $11. Knox

HEAD-LINES
and* foot-notes

RAWLINGS

Burnt straw sailor with turned-back brim. The better to show your hair. Netted with black. From Lilly Daché

RAWLINGS

To wear from now until Labor Day—and long after. Crisp suit of beige rayon faille. Soft little jacket. Skirt with trouser creases. From Saks Fifth Avenue

HORST

Pale pink rayon crêpe with black lacy over-print. The dress has a low, lace-edged, camisole décolletage. You cover it up with the jacket. From Jay-Thorpe

*

DENNIS

1. Suède with stretchable Lustreflex. Customcraft. Under $13. R. H. Stearns.
2. Plastic-soled British Walker (U. S. made). Around $13. Bonwit Teller.
3. Black calf with Lustreflex. Styl-Eez pump. Under $8. Selby Shoe Shops

Rx for relaxation

TAKE A FIFTEEN-MINUTE CAPSULE VACATION . . . IN YOUR ROOM

FOR the past fifteen years, a serious scientist has been studying and teaching a theory of "constructive rest." Those same fifteen years have been, for most of us, a rising crescendo of almost unbearable pressure.

Lulu Sweigard, Ph. D., of New York University, has a unique theory of relaxation, discovered during her research into neuro-muscular efficiency. Her work is vast in scope—and will undoubtedly have a far-reaching effect. But one small phase of it is particularly interesting to us who are looking, in this issue, for capsule vacations. For Dr. Sweigard has brought rest and refreshment to the students of her theory—in fifteen minutes flat.

Among Dr. Sweigard's findings is the fact that when you try to force relaxation upon yourself, you are actually re-exerting your mind and body. You are making a tremendous effort to do something that your nerve-tone contradicts. The very act of forcing your mind to any effort keeps it tense and cluttered, and stops you from promoting rest.

Dr. Sweigard has developed a way of teaching people to relax, by projecting a photographic image upon the subject's mind—while she is in an easy resting position. Merely concentrating on a relaxed image, seems to free the mind of distracting tenseness, and the muscles of the body start to unknot.

Dr. Sweigard's rest-position for imagery is this: Lie on the floor, on your back, a pillow under your head. Then bend your knees upright, until your feet are comfortably close to your hips. Keep the heels of the feet on the floor, but place a second pillow under the soles of the feet. Next, turn your heels out, your toes in, pigeon-wise. Now—cross your arms on your chest, so your elbows are crossed over the centre of your chest and your hands dangling. Then slump onto the floor. Don't push your back—even if it arches. Tight muscles are responsible for a hollow back—so don't add to your back's strain.

Now you're ready for "imagery." Think of yourself as an empty suit of clothes (if this gives you a laugh—fine, the laugh will help relax you, too). The suit collapses, lying on the floor. The front falls into the back—the sides slump together. Imagine that a strong pair of hands (not yours, because yours are resting) are smoothing out all the wrinkles in the suit. They un-crease the back of the coat; they pull the coat-hem toward your heels; they straighten out the wrinkles in the shoulders and back. Repeat this again, but remember that you're not to give any muscular aid to the image. You simply project the limp image against the screen of your mind—and your muscles automatically relax.

Do this exercise fifteen minutes at a time—once or twice a day—and, after a little practice, your nerves will usually stop demanding a two-weeks vacation with pay.

KEEP A COOL HEAD!

It may be vacation time for *you.* But for your hair, it's business-as-usual. It's always on the job, making the difference in the way you look. So brush it...air it...and *keep it clean.* Give it a bubble-bath in Drene soapless shampoo—then fluff it out with a strong-fibred towel, under the holiday sun. The giant Martex towel in this photograph is from Lord and Taylor

GJON MILI

16 Ounces of Invention

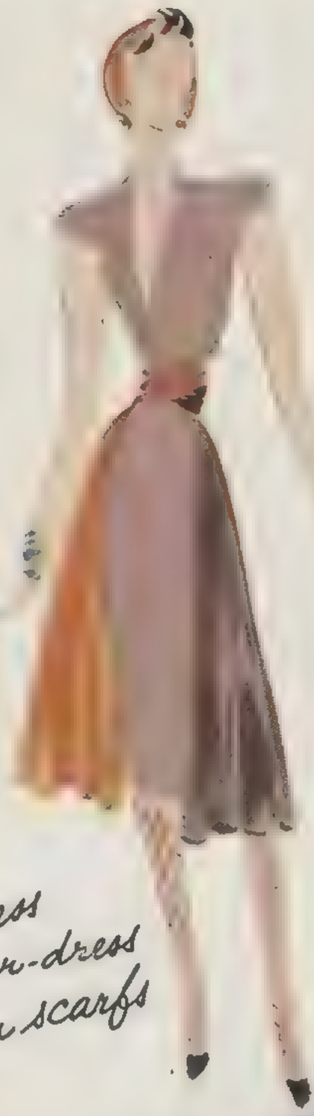
A cotton jumper of any bright colour to enliven a slim skirt of white cotton

Make a skirt of colourful India silk. Wear yellow blouse

Bows for buttons. Try it on a white cotton blouse — in various colours if you like

Above, left: Varicoloured bows on a silk or satin jacket. Put them on yourself

Above, right: Brighten a dinner-dress with a be-flowered fish-net sari



Coolie jacket. Buy or make yourself. Brief and bright over house pyjamas

Convert a day dress into a dinner-dress by a belt of chiffon scarfs

Bats Rawlings.

Tack organdie or gingham bows on a crêpe or cotton shawl

Toss a lei of artificial or real flowers about the neck of your P.M. dress

Make a belt of looped ribbon to cheer a severe dress

Soft aside for a simple straight dress—bows in single file

Tie a fringe apron around the waist of a dinner-dress

Tack satin bows on a coloured apron to brighten a black dress

The kind of bows any girl can afford to have throwing themselves at her head.

TONI FRISSELL

WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF? Sugar and spice, a starched pinafore, and, in this case, a fine straw hat. Remember when you first had a hat you loved so dearly that you kept trying it on upstairs in your own room, even in your nightie? You selected it because you liked the rose velvet ribbon or the forget-me-nots. How important you are suddenly! Here are hats to make memories. A derby, a big Breton, a Kate Greenaway. John-Frederics Junior hats at Lord and Taylor; L. S. Ayres; Scruggs-Vandervoort

WHAT GIVES A CHILD PLEASURE?

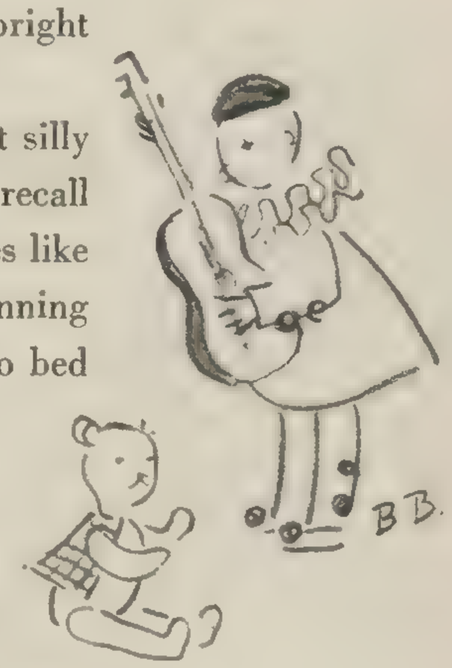
Not the excursions into the adult, but the delights in his own dimension

By Mab Wilson

WHAT gives a child pleasure? What constitutes a "treat"? There are obvious things, that an adult can tick off mechanically, like the circus, electric trains, merry-go-rounds, picnics, parties-with-cake. But if you'll use Memory, in place of mechanical thinking, you'll discover that your own childhood's red-letter moments were often made up of surprisingly workaday things...little domestic rituals; a group of pebbles; your mother's handkerchief-case. To understand this particular aspect of a child, it is more important to have been a child than to have borne one.

If you have a good memory, the special kind that can get behind the adult reaction and superstructure (and if you don't confuse true memory with things your elders told you about yourself), you'll remember not only the facts, but how you regarded them. How they felt...seemed...looked. You'll remember not only the treat of cocoa and cake under the apple-trees, but the quivering atmosphere of magic created when your mother floated an apple blossom on the top of each cup; when the cake was just your size, and the little green chair just fitted you.

Treats for children are less often excursions into the adult than delights in their own dimension. Pleasures in scale. Also, these delights have nothing to say to money, nor are they made of essential war material—which realization should come as a bright benison to any mother these days.



What do you remember of pleasure? What mundane, unwhimsical event, what silly ritual, creates a surge of delicious nostalgia? Perhaps you with a dim, elusive delight recall the ritual of "sunning the beds" on Saturday. The mattresses rolled back on themselves like tufted dolphins, and the sun splashing hot and bright on the blue-and-pink ticking. Sunning the beds was something extraordinary. Watching it was a treat, and it made going to bed on Saturday night exciting. It was magic (and magic at close quarters) to lie there in the dark and know that there was Sun In Your Bed. That when you moved your feet you were stirring Invisible Sunshine.

Surely you'll remember those tight-clasped moments when Grandmother could be persuaded to tell you for the *n*th time about her first ball—the yellow satin dress with butterflies, and the compliment the Governor paid her. The story always snugly the same (the slightest deviation made you verify nervously, instantly), and unalteringly a treat.

No amount of memory, of course, will make you able to predict what will constitute a treat for your own child. But your understanding that almost anything might become a treat is all-important. You can't have quite forgotten the excruciating importance of everything as a child. Surely everyone remembers saying, with passionate conviction, "When I grow up, I'll remember. I won't forget. I'll understand."

Treats are bright and shining moments that a child finds by himself. You provide the shells, and the child, governed by some highly individualistic instinct, fills this one with enchantment, and leaves this one empty. Licking the cake spoon—which may have been a high-tension treat for you—may be regarded by your child with bland, disinterested eyes. Your child, on the other hand, may be unaccountably and tirelessly fascinated by the ritual of Daddy polishing his buttons, or the clucking suction of the busman's dime machine.

Sometimes, it seems, as we grow up we spend less and less time on more and more things. Activities tear us from one half-seen, (Continued on page 69)

MAKE FOR YOUR OWN BACKYARD

Designs for Dressmaking

HER JACKET AND BAREBACK DRESS, NO. 9745—JACKETLESS, THREE VIEWS BELOW

BACKYARD: Perfectly appointed summer resort. American Plan. No transportation worries. Private solarium. Excellent cuisine (home-grown vegetables). Restricted clientele. Children and dogs. Birds and flowers. Plenty of natural resources—you have them yourself. Catch your vacation in snatches, between work and work. The wardrobe requirements are so simple you can make these clothes yourself.

LEFT: Halter dress with jacket. What can't it do? Here she wears jacket for a spur-of-the-moment trip to town. Jacketless (three views below), and she's ready for a vacation in her yard. Make it of blue rayon. Design 9745.

OPPOSITE PAGE: Adaptable, sun-catcher town dress for rationed relaxing. Cap-sleeves and a back that unbuttons to form a deep V put as much of you in the sun as you want put for most occasions. White or beige cotton. Design 9742.

DESIGN NO. 9745

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KAY BELL

FOR BACK VIEWS AND SIZES, SEE PAGE 64

BACKYARD BAREBACK, DESIGN 9742

NEXT-TO-NOTHING. . .

Simplification is a twentieth-century word. It belongs to this lingerie...these bare essentials. They have a nude, non-existent look. Flesh-coloured. Smooth as your skin. Sheer, glove-fitting rayon jersey.

Easy to launder. "Nothing" to pack. First really inexpensive lingerie that women with quantities of beautiful hand-made silk want too. That doesn't keep it from being a bona-fide luxury. It's as unique and indigenous to America as a good 5¢ cigar.

No other lingerie is so bulkless under blue jeans. So right for slacks and shorts. For climbing to the tip of a giant airplane-in-the-making or for simply crossing your knees at your desk and drawing a cheque for another War Bond.

Solo. A little sheer sheath of rayon jersey.

Cool. Fits without a wrinkle.

Pantie-and-vest, all one. Around $2. Kayser

NEXT TO YOU

Glove-fitting rayon lingerie

has no parallel.

Pretty, cool, comfortable.

No trouble to launder...to pack.

Costs next to nothing.

Twentieth-century triumph

Petticoat which adds not a quarter-inch in girth.

Perfection for I-need-a-petticoat summer dresses.

Slim side openings. About $1.50. Kayser

Little pantie of blue printed rayon jersey.

Tailored to your contour. Elasticized waist.

Cool, sheer, slim, and slick. Under $1. Kayser

Pantie-smooth. Light and cool and sleek.

For shorts, slacks. Hip-discipline in its elastic panels.

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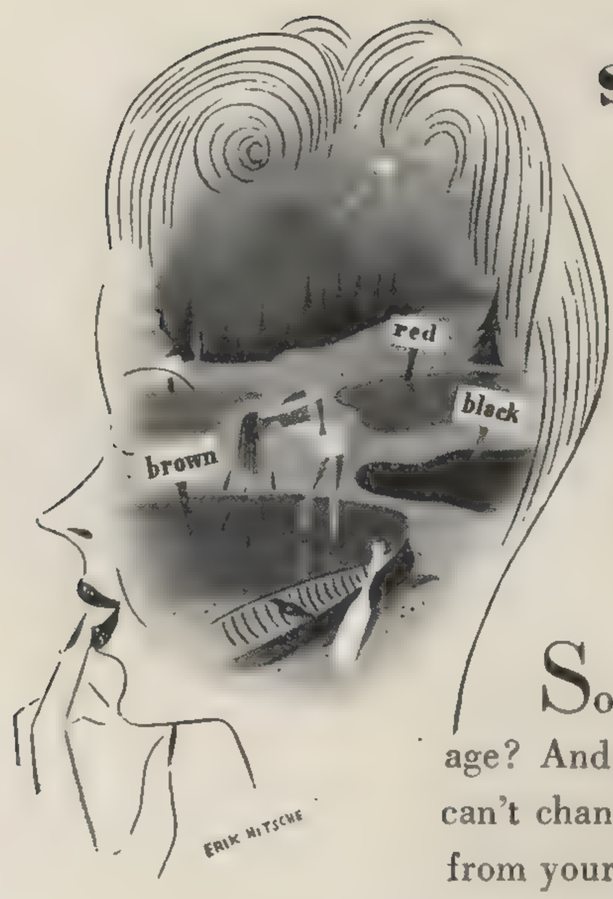

SOME LOCAL COLOUR FOR YOUR HAIR IS A CHANGE OF SCENE FOR YOURSELF

So. You wish you were off for a holiday? And it looks difficult to manage? And you may just stay home, after all? Well—here's an antidote: if you can't change your scene, you can change *you*—as seen. You can take a holiday from your everyday looks. Perhaps you could discover a new, flattering make-up; or lose those pounds and rediscover your figure; or cut your hair to a free-as-the-breeze two inches. Or you might, if you've been dissatisfied with the drabness of your hair, take the plunge, and have it dyed. This could be as refreshing to your outlook as a sea-change.

While we may never reach the point where we dash off to change the colour of our hair with the same insouciance with which we change our lipstick shade, still, an adventure into hair-colouring shouldn't make you feel like an intrepid explorer into the vast unknown. Millions of women have beaten a pretty safe path through the wilderness, by now—and the sign-posts are up along the way. The reasons for starting out? To restore pepper-and-salt grey to a strong unilateral colour-pact; to rout the fading mouse-colour from what used to be a bright-lit brown; to inject a touch of gold into the drab ashes of non-committal blondness; to bring a soft tint of blue or mauve to a too-harsh white.

Perhaps you're an "I'd-like-to-but" type about hair dye. If you are, there's apt to be something wrong with either your logic—or your nerves. Because there's nothing dangerous, and nothing wrong, about hair dyes, today. Although hair dye was the last of the cosmetics to attain a social standing, today there's something a little dated about the "My-dear-she-dyes-her-hair" brigade. You cream your face—for a prettier complexion. You powder your face, you use lipstick—to look prettier. Well, why need you be ashamed of using a cosmetic for your hair, *if* it will make you look better, feel better? We don't think you need be.

The first rule for hair-dye success is to put yourself in the hands of the best hair-dresser you know—preferably one who knows *you*, too. A trained operator will take into consideration the quality of your hair, and the quality of your personality. She needs to know both, for perfection. Probably she will advise one of two methods: a shampoo tint; or a regular dye with a pre-treating step first. A shampoo tint is just as permanent in colour as a dye. But with this method, you get your hair cleaned and coloured, in one step. If a regular dye is indicated, probably your hair will get the very important pre-treatment, to put it in a more receptive mood for the dye. In both cases, if it is skilfully handled, the hair will have a lifelike colour, with gloss and consistency. When you choose your colour, don't choose it by the name on the package—it won't always gibe with you or your hair, and only your hair-dresser can tell.

The important thing to remember is this: let your hair-dresser choose the colour for you, and let her take full charge, with no barber-seat directions from you. Just relax, and let her be the executive. After all, in the old days, you didn't show the Captain the way to the West Indies—did you?

HORST

important new elegance for lips

Your favorite lipstick shades now come laden with smouldering TABU, to create elegance for your lips that no lips have ever known before. Now, yours can wear not only the lush-est colors, but the *"forbidden"* fragrance too! Then, to double dare him, a drop of the perfume itself wherever it might do the most good . . . from the vial hidden in the cap! $2.50 including the perfume. (tax extra)

TABU ***lipstick with hidden perfume vial***

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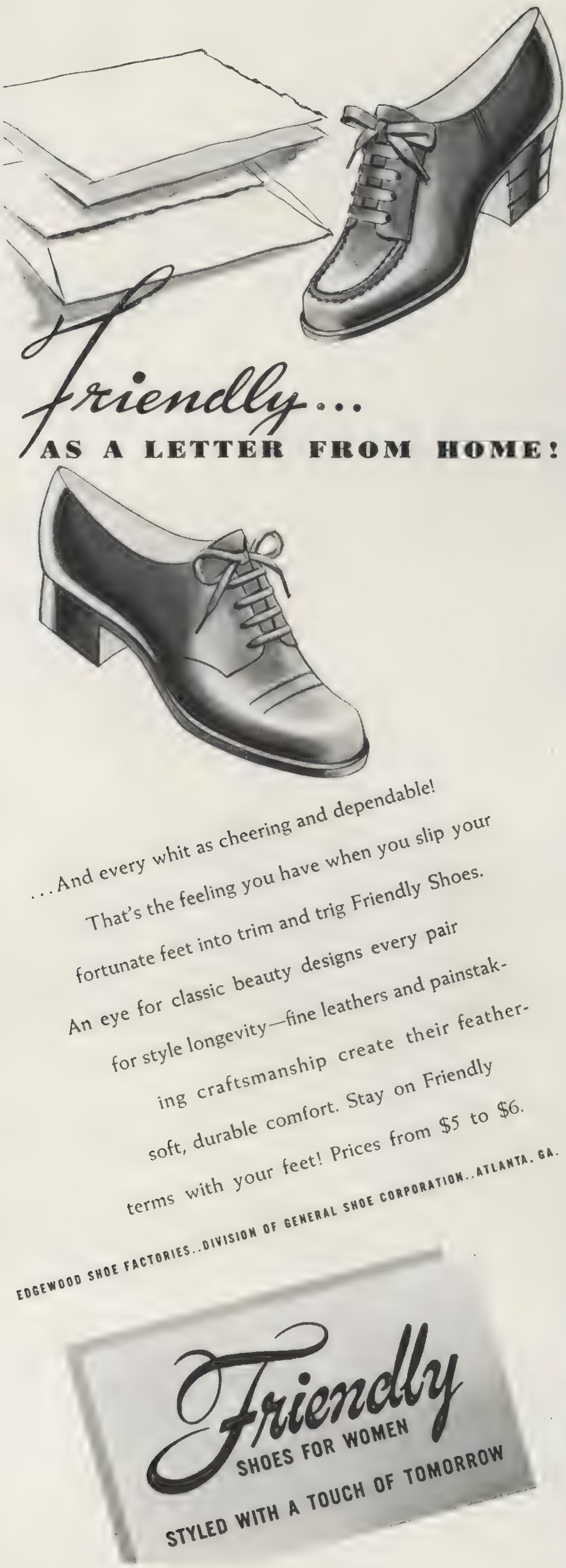

SERVING IN AFRICA

(Continued from page 35)

said we might be responsible for entertainment and recreation on board. I rushed out and bought quiz books, filled my head full of bright ideas, tried to learn how to lead songs. What really happens is this. The officers' saloon is filled with the tunes of "Move It Over" and "I Had the Craziest Dream," from 8 A.M. to 3 A.M., with officers, nurses, Red Cross girls tapping out the rhythm with their feet, singing the wrong words, whistling off key, clapping jive fashion.

The Negro troops put on a show the third night that was good straight Harlem, boogie-woogie and all. The hold is full of talent, straight off Broadway. The white boys put on a two-hour show—complete Army humour not one notch above the belt—that was as good as anything this season in New York. It was the Red Cross girls' first baptism in what really entertains the soldier. Quiz books and games don't seem to be the answer. In fact, we are now completely initiated into Army ways—conversations are limited to women and gambling. The Army doesn't seem to include us in their feminine dreams, we are just part of the war.

The dream boys on board are the fighter pilots—all young, cocky, attractive, undisciplined boys who go crazy cooped up on shipboard. Most of them are from Texas—in fact, this war seems to attract Texas boys like flies. They all seem to have been nursed on a cactus plant and are tough and ornery. Most of them are from farms, ranches, filling stations. Few have been to college, few have any conception of anything outside their own state. One and all, they hate the water and wake up every morning with a heavy grouch to find themselves still surrounded by it. They are the sort of individualistic, happy-go-lucky, daring, unthinking boys who are going to win this war.

The women like the sea life far more than the men. The first night we really began to roll, I heard everything crash down in the cabin next to ours, in which two Navy Ensigns slept, a deep groan, and a despairing "Damn this ship" came through the walls.

This feeling is echoed down through the Negro troops who sit on the deck outside our window in the morning and moan about the sea. "I never did see so much water in my life," one will say. "Don't you all know this here world is 'bout three-quarters water? Ain't much land when you get down to it." "You just seein' a little bit of dat ole water now, brother." "When I gits home, I'm goin' to git myself some dry land and live pretty on it."

Water a Problem

We have water a few hours a day, showers every third day, drinking water out of our canteens only—we wear our canteens most of the time.

We are supposed to be down for breakfast at 7:15. We aren't allowed to eat with the men because it means we dally in the mess hall too long. We get ham and cheese sandwiches and all the coffee we want at 11:30 A.M. Then dinner at 4:30 P.M.—good, heavy food that keeps your high spirits well nourished. Good Humor ice-cream every night. We eat oranges, apples, candy bars (the Air Corps boys consume them instead of alcohol) all day and quite late into the night. All card games are kibitzed and accompanied by bursts of song. I've never sung as much in my life, and I guess it is the most satisfactory way of letting off steam that exists....

Somewhere in North Africa

...I have arrived at my post, the most interesting one in North Africa, I think. Our Red Cross Club here is in the Town Opera House—rococo and elegant, with a fine open men's lavatory right in the entrance. The clubroom is in the big foyer upstairs, where the local society was wont to stroll between acts.

I spend my days trying to seduce the Mayor into letting us put showers on the balcony—which is on a par with asking the Mayor of Paris to put a hot-dog stand in Napoleon's tomb. I am such a familiar face at the *Mairie* that even the blue-uniformed guards shake hands with me when they see me in the street.

The commanding French General sends me books on the history of this part of the world and tells lovely stories. We all went to the opening of the Red Cross distribution of milk in the schools here the other day. The French school children drank the milk—the Generals drank the milk with strained faces, and I drank the milk with joy. At the Arab school, the children threw it on the floor. As the French General said, "Milk for them at the age of fourteen is incredible—they have children of their own by that time." The Jewish school really put on the good show. Every child drank his milk, there were flowers for the ladies, and a beautiful speech by an infant prodigy.

Our mess is for three hundred officers and about three women, so you see that my sense of proportion is slightly upset. I never dine alone with a man—never with less than seven officers. A dinner alone is an admission to the entire Army that you are in love. I "go steady" with the Air Corps, with occasional sorties into the lines of English Staff Officers. There are some pretty beautiful ones here with Edwardian moustaches and buttons polished to a gawdy brilliance. We eat late in sort of speakeasies, or in the officers' mess. The speakeasies are sordid, but the food is a change from the G.I. corned beef and spam. Fortunately, I have an ostrich stomach and can eat anything and love it.

We have practically the only decent apartment in town. I have my two staff assistants with me; and we have a bath, hot water one day a week. This is considered super-luxury. The only difficulty is that you can never come into the house without stumbling over people because anyone with a chair to sit on, a glass to drink out of in this town is mobbed.

I feel like a house mother trying to keep my girls in line in a town full of wolves with a bad case of homesickness. The strange thing is that the longer they stay away from home, the more idealistic and sentimental they get. Their wolfing is all verbal—and they are so sweet that they make lumps come in your throat. (Continued on page 63)

How slim...
How lovely
your legs will look
clad in this beautiful
Velva Leg Film
soft ... smooth...
water-resistant ... it
lasts until
washed away.
VELVA
LEG
FILM
Elizabeth Arden

Skylark
to give wings to your spirits
Skylark
Skylark
lilting fragrance
barbara gould
New York
PERFUME . . . . $1.50 and $3.75
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FACE POWDER $1.00
DUSTING POWDER $1.00
TALC 50c
SOAP . . . . . 35c and 50c
BATH BUBBLES $1.00
ALL PRICES PLUS TAX

AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY

(Continued from page 32)

A résumé of the practical aids at the command of the staff is probably in order, since it is in part because of them that the Gallery has made so boundless a circle of friends.

There is, to begin with, a vast and crowded cafeteria which, from eleven to four, maintains so excellent a cuisine that close to a thousand apparently starving Washingtonians descend upon it daily; a horde made up of art-minded visitors, fashionable women, business men, novitiate students, Government employees, and, invariably, a goodly showing of men in the Armed Services, seven thousand of whom visit the Gallery every week.

Quite frequently, too, seeping in among the *hoi polloi*, at luncheon time (perhaps because the restaurants of Washington resemble nothing so much as those of a Western mining town), portentous personages may be observed —Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice-President and Mrs. Wallace, Chief Justice and Mrs. Stone, Justice and Mrs. Frankfurter, Senator Green, of Rhode Island, Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, Attorney General and Mrs. Biddle, Polish Ambassador Ciechanowski, and his wife, Swiss Minister and Madame Bruggmann—a sister of Vice-President Wallace—, and Lord and Lady Halifax.

The Gallery's Concerts

There are, also, at the Gallery, regularly recurring concerts, given, as a rule, in the East Court, where the acoustics are unusually good, and amid a setting of plants and fountains, two of the latter having graced the gardens of Versailles, and being certainly over two hundred and fifty years old, since they were commissioned for Louis XIV. Such concerts are performed by various orchestral ensembles, or by one of the excellent orchestras or choruses from the Armed Forces. Occasionally, there are solo recitals by young musicians in the Service, or a sacred concert by the Washington Cathedral choir.

Another point at the National deserves mention. Photographing is encouraged, and, though permits are required for time exposures and flashlights, none are needed for snapshots.

Again, the guards, unlike those in so many art museums, have been taught to think of themselves less as policemen than as museum assistants. They are usually quite well informed concerning the Museum's paintings and sculptures, one of them, as I found, actually being able to spell El Greco's true name correctly. These guards are forever answering such questions as: "Where is Rembrandt's 'Mill'?", "What has happened to Raphael's 'Alba Madonna'?" "When was that altar-piece painted?" When a guard is uninformed concerning a painting or sculpture, he is free to make use of the Museum's secret, intra-mural telephone system.

The Museum has inaugurated an excellent and really informative system of labels. For example, beside a Gauguin still-life of oranges and lemons, a label calls attention to Cézanne's influence in the canvas, particularly in Gauguin's use of blue in painting the white table-cloth. Next to the canvas, there is a comparable, though somewhat more subdued still-life by Cézanne himself, in which, in the white linen, the same blue has been well employed.

A little further on, there is a beautiful and extremely distinguished portrait of a lady, by Baron François Gérard (1770-1837), which, at first sight, one would swear was the work of David. Beside it, there is a label explaining that David really did exercise a considerable influence over his gifted contemporary.

Aside from such labels, there are notices posted at various points which announce the Museum's varied activities. For example, sitting at luncheon in the cafeteria and debating whether to order a mushroom omelette or a small pot pie, one sees an announcement on the table that, at half-past one, there will be a talk, in Gallery 22, on El Greco's "Virgin, with Saints."

Another important aid in making the Gallery popular has been its remarkable system of air-conditioning. Everywhere in the rooms, the air is filtered and cleansed; the humidity carefully controlled, and the temperature kept at 70°, save in the summer when it is allowed to rise appreciably.

In the matter of lighting, too, the Gallery has scored an amazing success. Probably no pictures in the world are so well lighted, since, for one thing, the light casts no shadows. The paintings are all lighted from above and, as far as possible, by the sun's rays, which are diffused, by filters in the acres of wire-woven skylights. Quite incredibly, any painting can be singled out for special lighting, the intensity of light on it being increased or diminished at will.

The sculptures, too, are extraordinarily well shown. Unlike the paintings, the light on them is directional rather than diffused, a *sine qua non* in revealing marbles, terra-cottas, and bronzes. The four Houdon's, for example (one of them the renowned and devastatingly cynical bust of Voltaire), are magnificently shown. Perhaps the most magical feat achieved in lighting is with Germain Pilon's "Victory," a figure which, though heroic in size and carved in marble, seems literally to float in a warm and vibrating air.

Even with respect to the five hundred smaller works of art, for the most part, the gifts of Joseph E. Widener—his Chinese porcelains, Limoges enamels, Renaissance jewels, ancient chalices, Italian majolicas, and small Florentine bronzes—the lighting could not possibly be improved. His magnificent Flemish-Gothic tapestry, for example, once the pride of Cardinal Mazarin, is individually spot-lighted from minute and invisible openings in the ceiling above it.

Influence of the National Gallery

If the rôle of the art museum in America has already altered; if it is becoming less a frigid and formalized repository for ancient works of art (with the usual mummies, tombs, mythological Assyrian beasts, and lifeless plaster copies of Michelangelo's more mortuary type of figures); if it is becoming a living, humanized place not only for students and historians of art, but for a variety of socializing activities generally (of which the improvement of public taste must take first place), the National Gallery can certainly be awarded a major share of the credit.

MENUS OF WARTIME WASHINGTON

By Phyllis Pulliam Jervey

[EDITOR'S NOTE: *This is the second part of Mrs. Jervey's article on wartime menus, the first having appeared in the June 1 issue of Vogue.*

The payment that Mrs. Jervey received for this article was given to the Officers' Service Club in Washington, D. C., which was started last winter to provide a free club for officers of all the United Nations.]

Menus of a Diplomat's Wife

Though entertaining in Washington has been rigorously cut down, there is always, in a nation's capital, a certain amount of it that must go on. Mrs. H. F. A. Schoenfeld, whose husband is the United States Minister to Finland, often gives small dinners, building her menus around the *platas nacionales* of the countries where she and her husband have been stationed. They were attached to our Embassy in Mexico City for some years, and it was then that Mrs. Schoenfeld picked up the following Mexican recipes. This is the menu for an informal dinner:

Guacamole Tostados Cocktails
Green Turtle Soup with Sherry
Mole de Guajolote Tortillas
Ensalada Mexicana
Orange Sherbet with Crème de Menthe
Coffee

The *Guacamole* is made from mashed, peeled avocados, adding fresh lime-juice, salt, paprika, a touch of cayenne, and some grated Parmesan cheese. Beat into a creamy mixture and serve with toasted crackers instead of canapés. The guests dip the crackers into avocado mixture themselves, and this answers the purpose of a first course, although it is served in the living-room. (I have sometimes served big, whole shrimp on toothpicks, and these dipped into the *Guacamole* are also delicious.)

The *Mole de Guajolote* is Mexican turkey hash, but chicken or duck is just as good. The *mole*, or sauce, is made by sautéing chopped onion and garlic in oil and adding chili powder to taste. Grind up left-over turkey with fried almonds (one cupful to three cupfuls of ground meat), a few sesame seeds, whole cloves, anise and coriander seeds. Add salt, pepper, and cinnamon to taste. Melt some drippings and stir all together. Add some turkey broth and bake in a Mexican casserole until it is the right consistency for hash. Serve from casserole at table, right onto the tortillas.

To prepare tortillas, the national bread of Mexico, stir one and a half cupfuls of boiling water into the same quantity of corn meal. Add one and a half teaspoonfuls of salt. Stir well with a wooden spoon; then flatten into thin cakes. Brown on both sides on a dry, hot griddle. Of course, it is less trouble to buy these in tins, as then they only need reheating.

The salad is served at the same time as the hash and is made of cucumbers, young onions, radishes, celery, tomatoes, lettuce. Combine some vinegar, fat, salt, and chili powder and bring to a boil and pour over the cut-up salad and serve at once, to be truly Mexican. French dressing may be used instead, and the salad served cold and crisp, in a wooden bowl.

This is one of Mrs. Schoenfeld's menus for a family supper:

Tomato-juice
Arroz y Frijoles Mexicana
Grapefruit-and-Avocado Salad
French Bread
Fruit-cake and Mexican Chocolate Drink

The Mexican rice and beans are delicious and full of nutriment, a successful and inexpensive dish. Wash three cupfuls of uncooked rice; then sauté in melted bacon fat in a heavy skillet. Keep stirring until rice is quite brown, but not scorched. Then add two cupfuls of tomatoes, one onion, one garlic clove, one green pepper, and some celery, all chopped very fine. Sprinkle paprika and one teaspoonful of saffron on (Continued on page 64)

SERVING IN AFRICA

(Continued from page 60)

We had our first dance in the club, Sunday. It was like going back to dancing-school, with shy French girls trembling with terror at the vigours of jitter-bugging, and shy American boys who couldn't say anything, not even the old classic about "Isn't the music wonderful?" We had been given permission to dance only on the supposition that it was a private party, so I made sandwiches and lemonade and introduced the girls. This is an unsophisticated Army—but, dear God, what a nice one.

We work seven days a week, as does every one. Our great work is just talking, talking, talking. These men would walk a hundred miles to hear an American girl talk. They are all homesick and looking for something to do. There are no movies, no dance-halls, no soda fountains...nothing they understand.

We feed over five hundred a day, because they aren't allowed to eat in local restaurants. We are trying not to take away from the civilians what little food they have. The boys spend most of their leave time in this club, because it provides some echo of home. They bring us flowers, chewing-gum, horrid Arab candy, anything they can buy. They all have pockets full of francs—they never seem to think a franc is money.

I wish we had dozens more girls to help. I never realized what a smile could mean, what knowing how to get along with people could do in a war. I give more in a day now than I have in years before, and I don't want to stop. My face is certainly going to be crinkled up from grinning when I get through with this war.

I run into friends constantly. The Air Force is full of New Yorkers, and one of my best friends from Paris is the Vice-Consul.... It's such fun to walk down the streets in an Arab town and have someone call, "Hello, Bettina."...

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MENUS OF WARTIME WASHINGTON

(Continued from page 63)

rice. Add two cans of consommé (or the equivalent of soup stock) and two cans of water, season with salt and pepper, and cover. Boil fairly fast for twenty or twenty-five minutes, covered, until moisture is absorbed.

Serve with the following Mexican beans. Try to get the very small mahogany red beans, typically Mexican and called chili beans, which can be bought here. Put one pound in an iron kettle and add three times the amount of water to the beans. Leave one whole peeled onion in the pot and add one tablespoonful of bacon fat. Cover and bring to boil, and then simmer for three or four hours. Never add extra water. Beans should be soft, but not mashed. Just before serving add salt, pepper, and chili powder.

If bananas are obtainable, slice them lengthwise, sprinkle with sugar, and brown in butter. They go excellently with the beans and rice.

The Mexican chocolate drink, called *champurrado*, is made by adding cinnamon sticks to thick, hot, sweetened bitter chocolate and milk.

At the Army and Navy Club

The Army and Navy Club of Washington, D. C., is a familiar landmark, especially to Service people. But even this time-honoured meeting-place has not been left untouched by present-day conditions. Where the cut velvet picture of Fuji once loomed over the Generals and Admirals in the main dining-room, now there is a mute, but forceful blank space on the wall. The Club entertainments, such as the Stag Smokers and lectures, have been eliminated, and waitresses are replacing the old-time waiters. In these days, the Club is thronged with the varied uniforms of the United Nations, not only of the military and naval attachés, but of Allied officers on temporary duty.

By far the most famous Army and Navy dish is curry. Always on Mondays, a curry is featured, although this dish, so popular with the old Army and Navy crowd, can be ordered à la carte at any time. Chef Volta knows the recipe by heart...the same one originally presented to the Club years ago by one "Gil Allen," an Army officer returned from the Philippines in the days of the Empire.

Gil Allen's Curry
(Army and Navy Club Special, Washington, D. C.)

Melt one tablespoonful of butter, add one teaspoonful of onion-juice, then one tablespoonful of flour and one of curry-powder mixed; add one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sherry wine, a little salt, Worcestershire sauce, and pepper. Make into a smooth, creamy sauce. (You will need grated fresh coconut or canned coconut as a side dish for the curry. Use the coconut milk, mixed with the cow's milk, for this sauce.)

RICE: Drop dry rice in well-salted, boiling water; boil for fifteen minutes; strain in colander, and wash with cold water; then steam until thoroughly done—it should not be sticky...each grain should be separate. Serve the rice in a dish by itself. Boil shrimp, and drain, cover with part of the sauce; use the rest of the sauce as a side dish. The following may be used instead of shrimp: chopped, roasted, or boiled chicken, beef, veal, lamb, or pickled fish.

SIDE DISHES: Rice; egg, hard-boiled, chopped; peanuts, roasted, ground; chutney; cheese, grated; coconut, grated, or canned wet; Bombay duck (substitute kippered herring); onions, sliced very thin, dipped lightly in flour, fried to a crisp, light brown in deep, hot fat. These should be free from grease and brittle when served; when taken from the fat, spread on brown paper and change paper several times to get rid of grease.

DESIGNS FOR DRESSMAKING

9745

9745

9742

Here are other views of the Designs for Dressmaking on pages 54 and 55. Design No. 9745, the bareback halter dress with a jacket, comes in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38). Design No. 9742, the cotton dress with cap-sleeves and a back that unbuttons to form a deep V, comes in sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38)

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I LIKE TO REMEMBER . . .

(Continued from page 41)

everyone's mind, else why should song have lasted since the beginning of our history? These cells or patterns or moulds have to be filled. Let me give an example of the opposite to the Basque jingle or catch, an example of a pattern of verse which everyone can remember and retain after one reading:

"Christopher Robin goes hoppety, hoppety,
Hoppety, hoppety, hop.
Whenever you ask him politely to stop it, he
Says he can't possibly stop."

That is nonsense verse, but it achieves so completely the task of filling, and of satisfying, the "fantastic pannicles" of the brain that it is well-nigh unforgettable.

But what about poems that are far from being nonsense verses? Well, here is another confession. When I want to quote a poem, no matter what the length may be, I can only remember it if it is brave, gallant, and—how will I term it?—, magnifying. It must do one good to hear it, and do me good to repeat it. Though Poetry can not be defined any more than a thrill can be defined—it can be only felt—I had the temerity to attempt to define it. It was no more than an attempt, for it was inadequate as a definition; but it was better than "The right words in the right place," for this might apply to a gas ration card. It makes no allowance at all for emotion, not even for the emotion that may arise from a filling station. But if it be not a satisfactory definition, my attempt may serve as an illustration of what the kind of poetry must be if I am to remember it. It must be "a rhythmic spell to enlarge the spirit."

Enlarge is used in two senses—here in the sense of *to magnify;* and in the sense of *to set free.* As when we say that the stag was "enlarged," or when we speak, as Richard Lovelace does, of "enlarged winds that curl the flood." And it must be rhythmic, and none of your modern disarticulated prose, which is called *vers libre.* I can not tell whether it should appeal more to the ear or to the eye. "To have seen is to know," as the Greek verb proves; and poetry is largely in its early and simpler form, *optical;* it is invented by the Homeric eye. With this in mind, I once wrote a short article, which I promptly mislaid. It purported to give a few outstanding examples of what is rare in poetry: a line or two that makes the page open and enables you to see with the poet's vision as from a magic casement. Example:

"But, hark, the cry is 'Astur!'
And, lo, the ranks divide:
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride."

We can see him with his great sword hanging down his back, full six feet long.

Another example is not so full of pride, but it is full of space and feeling. It is from the blind poet Raftery's "County of Mayo." Raftery, who composed in Irish at the beginning of the last century, has had the luck to be translated by one of the best lyric poets of our time, James Stephens. Raftery gets restless at the beginning of the spring. He longs to visit his own county and stop a night on the way, "And sleep with decent men." "And then go on to Balla for a month and drink galore." But that is not where we see as from a magic casement. It is where his thoughts outrun his feet:

"I say and swear my heart lifts up like the lifting of a tide;
Rising up like the rising wind till storm and mists must go
When I remember Carra and Gallen close beside,
And the Gap of the Two Bushes and the wide plain of Mayo."

He knew where to find it along the highway, and if he could not see the "wide plain" with its sheep and limestone and grey rain, he could feel the wind from it upon his face through the Gap.

The last example comes from a far more sophisticated poet, yet he had the vision. He had leant from the casement.

"And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the Spring begins."

The last line is the magic and visionary one. It makes you see the crocuses breaking through the snow.

Then there is a Scots ballad, and ballads are the great quarry whence pure Parian poetry may be hewn. A Scots freebooter is attacking the stronghold of the Gordon, having had an understanding with the wife of the Gordon. The way he is introduced makes you forgive him. He comes with his pipers, playing a march to battle in the dark before the dawn.

"Down Deeside came Inverary whistlin' and playin'.
He knocked loud at Brackley gate e'er the day dawin'."

He kills Gordon and his brother and remains with the widow. There is a fine example of a magic casement as he is going off the next morning.

"In her chamber she kept him till morning grew grey.
Through the dark woods of Brackley she showed him the way.
'That fair hill,' said she, 'wi' the sun shinin' on,
Is the Hill o' Glentanner. One kiss and begone!'"

You can see the morning sun on the peak: a landmark. He must have come out by the back way. He found his way easily enough at the beginning of the ballad.

One of the loveliest images in all the language is from Spenser's wedding song, made for his wife in lieu of the wedding presents which were sunk or "commandeered" on their way to Youghal in the South of Ireland, a likely place for an Englishman to lose things.

"Like unto Maia whenas Jove her took
In Tempe lying on the flowery grass,
Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was
With bathing in the Acidalian brook."

Memorizing may be telepathy from the (Continued on page 66)

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I LIKE TO REMEMBER . . .

(Continued from page 65)

bards of old seeking a mouthpiece in a sympathizer; but, as for the mechanics of memory, it can not be forced. If you force it, it will go like a pencil through the page, and all is blurred. And it is unconscious; that is to say, you can not tell how you learned. You may have read the poem half a dozen times, pointed it out to a friend, or heard it recited, and, lo, it has got into your mind. If it has got in inaccurately, the wrong version is very hard to correct. If you take too much pain to be accurate, the whole thing may elude you. It is almost impossible to be precise, seeing that the mood into which you have to throw yourself in order to memorize or to recite is very like the mood of sleep, that procreant time in which problems are solved while you are unconscious.

This has also some bearing on the psychology of memory. When I want to remember a poem of any length, I get myself out of the way; that is—I allow my mind to become as blank as possible, so that there may be nothing to obstruct the flow of rhyme. This need for inducing receptive mood may account for the invocation of the Muse with which the great poets of the elder day began.

"Sing, Goddess Muse, the direful wrath"
"Descend from Heaven Urania."
"O buono Apollo!"

Only it is in reverse: I do it to remember, not to create.

I said that it is easy to remember brave and cheerful staves. I love to think of the beginning of English poetry when it had a good conscience and England was Merrie England.

"'It is a merrie mornyng,' quoth Litel John,
'By Him who died on tree,
A merrier man than I am one
Lives not in Christiante.'

'Pluck up thy heart, my dear Master,'
Litel John can say,
'And think it is a full fair time
In a mornyng of May.'"

Yes, it was a full fair time when not a leaf fell from the greenwood, when *"The wood wele sang and would not cease, Sitting upon a spray."*

"Ah, happy, happy, boughs that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu."

Who dares to forget that?

SERVING IN AFRICA

(Lydia Sherwood's letter, continued from page 34)

do, and they have to share with it, too. They're a wonderful bunch, all of them, particularly the officers, of course. We've gotten to know them fairly well since we share their mess, their deck space, and so on. Our actual cabins are in a "restricted" corridor, with sentries posted at each end. There are no men in it except four Colonels.

I'm not allowed to write how many officers are aboard, or the name of the service they're in, which rather hampers any descriptive activities. But they seem the very flower of American manhood, which I guess is just about what they are. The men down below are sweet, too, but we don't see much of them to talk to. Except, of course, when we go down with the Chaplain, a very nice, very young, Georgia Baptist, to play Bingo or organize a quiz program.

The days have passed incredibly quickly. (This is astounding from me who used to be bored to tears at the end of a four-day voyage.) We are engaged in a monster educational program: German lessons from a Colonel, motor mechanics from a Lieutenant, French class with one of our girls, my roommate. Besides that there is choir singing every morning for the ship's service in the library. There are the inevitable Gin Rummy tournaments—long and heated, precautionary drills, which I am not allowed to describe, and just walking around the deck, sitting in the sun and eating, a most important item.

The meals, three square ones a day, are served at odd and inconvenient hours, all too early, but all very good. The coffee is excellent and absolutely unlimited. It almost makes me ashamed when I think of you poor civilians struggling along on an ounce a week, or whatever it is. Except that we live under pretty strict discipline in some respects, it's a good deal like an ocean voyage, in, say, Student Third, with an exceptionally nice crowd. And I mean crowd!

We sleep four in a cabin originally built for two. We have some very funny times, especially when there are two or three inches of bilge-water swishing rhythmically back and forth across the floor. Or the wash-basin backs up, or the porthole, always closed, of course, starts leaking. But it really is fun, and my roommates are swell, particularly our French teacher, Gertrude ———. Betty ———, my newfound cousin, has turned out to be absolute heaven, and we're bosom friends, even, and here's the real test, when we're pursuing the same Captain and Major.

I've made it all sound very frivolous, I fear, but there is so much that I can't tell you about, and only the frivolities seem likely to get past the censor. I don't mean to imply that we haven't been as safe as houses all the way across, because we have. I've been constantly reminded of that phrase of Churchill's, something about "a goodly company." But I can't tell you any of the really interesting details of life aboard a transport. All I can say is that it's been a fascinating, inspiring, and heartening experience. We have some wonderful guys on our team, and I've never felt more completely confident of the outcome.

LYDIA

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SERVING IN AFRICA

(Katherine Blake's letter, continued from page 35)

green again, and that area is small.

The Red Cross Club at which I am stationed is in a very central location (deleted by censor).... It used to be a very large hotel until the Red Cross took over and made it into a club for troops on leave. We can feed one thousand two hundred men a day and sleep two hundred and eighty. It is always crowded; jammed with men going through, with men on leave, with men returning from the Blue (the accepted term for any location up toward the front), and men on their way up.

Very often all the beds are full long before evening, and we have to put the men up on cots in the lounges. Rooms and beds cost the men nothing here. The only charge is for meals, and that is nominal. Five piasters, roughly twenty cents for breakfast, ten piasters for lunch or dinner. Coffee and sugar are plentiful, but we have our meatless days. We give two dances a week at night here, and serve coffee and cake almost every afternoon and evening.

One of the things the boys want most is to talk to American girls, people from home. But besides that we arrange sightseeing tours for them, take them to tea at private houses, give them Arabic and French lessons, the two languages universally spoken here. Then there are game-rooms, for cards, billiards, and pingpong; a music- and writing-room and a library. It is very necessary work, but you feel as if you could never do enough for these boys.

They are all such nice boys. Each and every one of them want to talk about home. Their first question is invariably, "What is it like at home now?" "What state do you come from?", "Is rationing bad?" The stories they bring back from the Blue are tragic, amazing, and amusing, too. But no matter what they are, they are all overlaid with a complete matter-of-factness, an acceptance which seems strange, but which you find, after a little, you, too, take for granted.

The Trip Over...

I seem to have begun this account backwards. I'll now try to start at the beginning. For the first two or three days on board the ship that brought us over, we never saw daylight. We weren't allowed on deck, and the portholes were always closed. When we first saw sun again, there was a general surge towards it.

The days on board passed fairly quickly—they were all exactly the same. We slept nine in a cabin, steel bunks in tiers up the walls, and only one of us could stand or dress at a time. You learned to be quite an acrobat. Portholes were, of course, never open, and washing facilities were not of the best—twenty-seven to a bathroom, and no hot water ever and certainly never fresh—except for a canteen of fresh water to wash ourselves or our clothes.

Slacks were compulsory, in case you had to leave the boat by ropes, also life-preservers. Boat drills galore, which became quite boring after the first few times when you looked over the lifeboats and the wood-and-rope rafts, and discussed the relative merits of each! We spent much time with the troops, the enlisted men—talking, playing games and cards, singing. Every one wanted to sing, and there was a great deal of talent on board.

It was a strange, confined little world—one that at times seemed completely cut off from reality. It was a world that lived on rumours—rumours that Berlin had reported our ship sunk; rumours that there were subs in the vicinity; rumours that we would stop at such and such a place en route; that we would be on the ship three months, two months, six weeks; rumours that Rommel had surrendered; that we would have a plane escort going through the Red Sea; et cetera.

A pleasant little world, but one that jumped at any sudden or unaccustomed noise. Our noises were the constant tramping of feet, night and day; the clanking of the mess kits in the halls and corridors as the troops filed by for mess in almost continual shifts; the jingle of identification tags whenever any one moved or climbed into his bunk or turned in his sleep. And occasionally, there was the deep thunder of the guns and the staccato fire of the ack-ack, hurling showers of golden balls across the water—bouncing, ricocheting balls that looked for all the world like oranges in flame....

A Good Soaping

...We finally landed at a Middle Eastern port. I can not tell you how wonderful it felt to be able to wash in fresh water again with soap that lathered. For the first time in weeks, we were really clean. The bathroom had several unique features, one of which was the tub. When you let the bath water run out, it ran right on the floor, and you stepped from the tub back into your bath again on the floor. There was a hole at one end of the room into which the water gradually emptied. This, we discovered later, is quite an accepted form of plumbing and living hereabouts.

We started to work in Cairo some weeks ago. We live here at the club. I have covered the walls of my room with every photograph I possess, literally plastered the surface (didn't we once use that as a decorating idea?), and it makes things much more cozy. It is a great relief to be sharing a room with one person instead of nine; it gives you a delightful feeling of great spaciousness.

You are more or less always on duty here, but actually I work from nine A.M. till seven at night; and then, two or three nights a week when there are dances, I work till midnight. I get one day off a week, which happens to be Wednesday. There is a great deal to be done, and there is really a great need to be filled. These clubs mean much to the troops, and the Red Cross is opening them in all leave areas.

KATHERINE

MORE BAFFLE-QUESTIONS

These are questions posed by Neysa McMein and her friends to her friends. See page 43 for directions on playing the game

1. A friend of whom you're extremely fond comes to you and confesses that he has robbed the bank in which you have deposited all your money. Would you help him escape?

2. You discover that your husband, the father of your child, is a dangerous Nazi agent. Would you expose him?

3. Your best friend is to be convicted of murder. By telling what you know, you can save his life, and get yourself ten years in prison. Would you tell it?

4. Your rent is overdue; your husband is out of work; you have no money. Walking along the street before you, a well-dressed man drops a wallet. No one sees you pick it up. Would you return it?

5. You are taking a bath. A child is in great danger on a roof which you can reach—but to do it, you must appear naked before a crowd, watching from below. Would you do it?

6. A burglar who enters your house tells you that he is part of a powerful gang, and that, if you identify him for the police, the gang will kill you. Later, the police ask you to identify him. Would you?

7. You are a woman who will be elected President of the United States, on the condition that you will grow a beard. Assuming that you could do it, would you?

8. You'll write two smash hits—but you'll become totally bald in the process. Would you write them? (George Kaufman was asked this; answered, "No.")

WHAT GIVES A CHILD PLEASURE?

(Continued from page 53)

half-realized object to another, and possibly we pass this sense of pressure onto the children. But children absorb delight more slowly...and retain it longer. They need Time—lashins of it. They batten on repetition. A treat is usually something that is repeated, that reoccurs. That's half its magic.

How often, and with unwavering, unchanging urgency, did you ask for *Peter Rabbit*, or the *Little Wee Bear?* Have you forgotten the deep, sedate pleasure of going to the same Ice-Cream Parlour Thursday after Thursday after Thursday? (The shy delight of being Recognized by the Waitress, the knotty, but familiar problem of the slippy, crimped-paper ice-cream containers.)

Children have not acquired the mournful knowledge that "Time is short," or "It is later than you think." To a child, time is essential to pleasure. A bead necklace, a dead dragonfly, a tufted chair are worthy of long, pleasurable, interesting contemplation. Meeting another child is a slow, contemplative thing, which involves time to look, to debate, to sidle up, to withdraw, finally to speak. There must be time to turn a rubber ball over and over and over in the hands, to throw it, to watch it bounce, to speculate profoundly on why it goes the way it does, and what makes it run by itself. Time is a gift you can give them. It is definitely in your power.

Large time. Small scale. Repetition. These contribute enormously to the forging of a treat. And part of the secret of a "treat" lies within the child—his endless capacity for pleasure; part, within your power—i.e., understanding and the time for enjoyment. Part rests with some secret, invisible being who touches unpredictable, random moments and objects with the wand of enchantment. If you really understand, if you really remember, your child will know it. He may not tell you what his pleasure is. He may not be able to. But he will respect you because you are aware of the Terrible Importance of it all. He will look at you with an expression a little deeper, a little more companionable than the usual "I love her, she is my mother" look.

HISTORY IN THE TAKING

Yesterday history was strained through the sieve-mind of a Carlyle; today it's snapped through the shutter of a camera. July 1 Vogue brings you the personal flavour of two history-takers, both women, both celebrated; one watched France fall, the other saw the Germans enter Russia.

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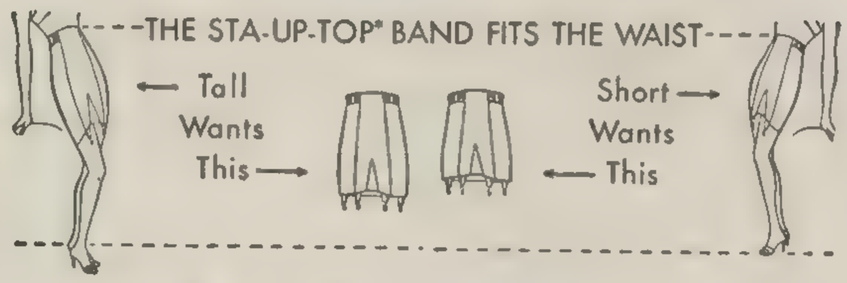

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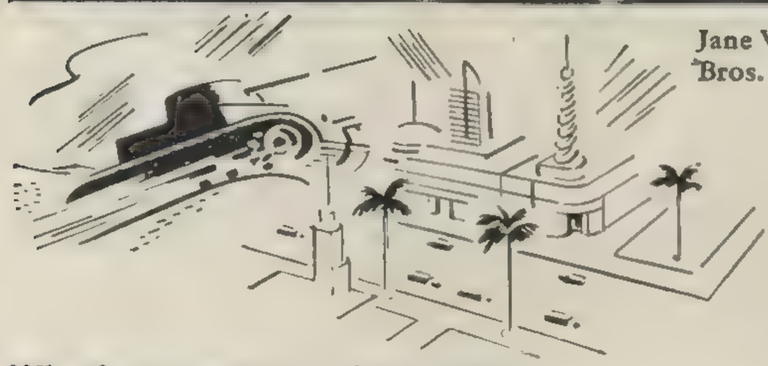

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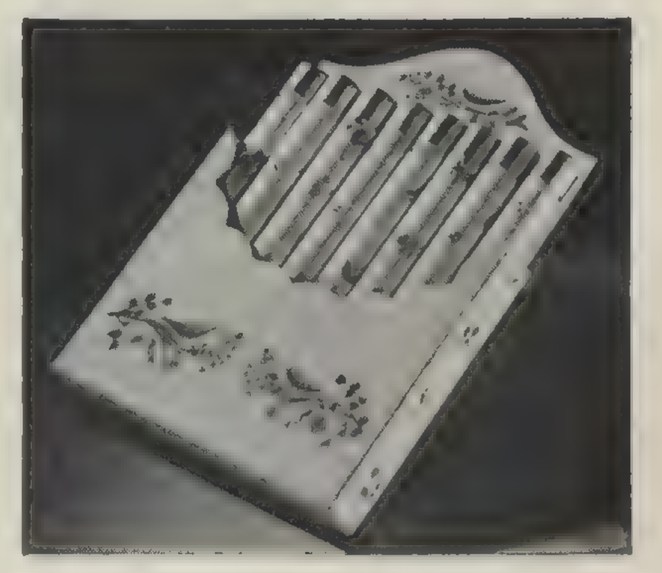

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BAKER

CONCENTRATED SUNNING

KAY BELL

Between sets, she uses a tan-promoting foil reflector under her creamed face: photographed at Rips Tennis Courts

THIS summer, you'll get your sun in spasmodic, quick, unexpected—and violent doses. Which is a particularly hard way to get a tan. Which is a particularly easy way to harm your complexion. Or could be.

Could be, too, that a more-than-ordinary dose of care will compensate for the out-of-the-ordinary ways of getting sun this summer. The old precautions of taking your sun in small, easy installments—until you've bought a safe-and-sane tan—are worthless, when practically no one has the summer to spend on anything so time-taking.

There are two problems with this summer's tan—one is to protect it from the sudden sun; the other, to heal it after you have been tempted into over-exposure. And over-exposure will, of course, be particularly tempting, now. When you find an extra hour on a city tennis-court (as the girl with the foil reflector has above); when, by horse and carriage, you manage to get to the beach; when the sun happens to match your few leisure hours in your garden, when you take your compact holiday—then comes the unavoidable desire to soak up as much as possible of the sun's precious Vitamin D, the sun's healing warmth.

But your complexion needs approximately twice as much care for an intermittent series of sunnings as it does for a summer-long tanning. It fades out between bouts, and each new, widely-spaced sun-bath is apt to produce a fresh burn. Tan itself is a pigment the skin puts out to screen out the rays of the sun, which set up a poisonous irritation. When this protective coloration fades, the skin is again unguarded.

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Throughout the winter, you may have used Vad cosmetics—you were interested, then, in their Vitamin D content (the same Vitamin that you get from the sun). But Vad lipstick and cream are heaped with valuable properties for summer-skin, too—because in them there's a large percentage of odourless cod-liver oil. And in cases of scorched skin, cod-liver oil is often indicated as a soothing, healing salve. The regular Vad cream has an oily base, and is effective in helping to screen the unprotected skin from the sun's rays. But there is, too, a Vad cream with a greaseless base, which can be used (without staining) as an after-thought, to soothe the skin after the exposure. The Vad lipstick comes in six colours and does for your lips what the creams will do for your skin.

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SERVANT IN THE HOUSE(?)

ONE of the most common topics of conversation these days is the servant problem. If all the energy and passion that went into the discussion of this problem were put to useful war work, our production would rise. Recently I spoke to a friend of mine about a mutual friend who was servantless again, and she said, "I must say I feel triumphant. It seems that for years servants have been abused and exploited at the hands of our friend and now, when they are asking a decent wage and living conditions, our friend is indignant."

There are certain basic things we must know before hiring anyone. First, the number of hours her work should take; the time she must spend not working, but "on duty"; and what special attributes are necessary for each household. I have had the same person for five and a half years, and perhaps my experience might be of some interest. I decided when I first came to New York that I needed someone who, primarily, was good with children. I was expecting a baby at the time, and I hired a few girls who were either too young and found housework imprisoning, or too old to be able to move about with alacrity. Or else their cooking was good, and their cleaning indifferent; or they were just plain neurotic, so that they would have been a distinct handicap in a household with children.

Early Problems

My husband is a psychiatrist, and we had lived in a State Hospital. My experience with domestic help was limited to the patients who were sent to doctors' homes as a sort of therapy when they were well enough to assume work or responsibility. However, their abilities varied like their psychoses, and I had some odd experiences. One of our most satisfactory patients, who had a jolly disposition and made divine lemon soufflé pies, was a former Pullman cook who had been committed for alcoholism. (Former alcoholics usually made the best patients because, once the delirium tremens wore off, they were usually in good shape.)

The patients were not supposed to be left alone, but one day I went to New York to shop, leaving a female patient working in the house. When I came home, the house was in a turmoil. She had become hysterical and attempted suicide in a number of ways, although none of them was serious. She had hung herself with one of my stockings (nowadays that would have been tragic), slit her wrist, and tried to drown. The net result was that she had a slight red area around her neck, a superficial scratch on her wrist, and she was soaking wet. She left a note saying she was sorry if she caused me any inconvenience. The only inconvenience I suffered was a severe reprimand from the superintendent. I was sorry to lose her because she made wonderful pancakes.

The next patient we got was a dementia praecox paranoid type, a quiet, shy Italian boy who was marvellous at killing frogs. During his reign, we often had frogs' legs for dinner. However, he (Continued on page 73)

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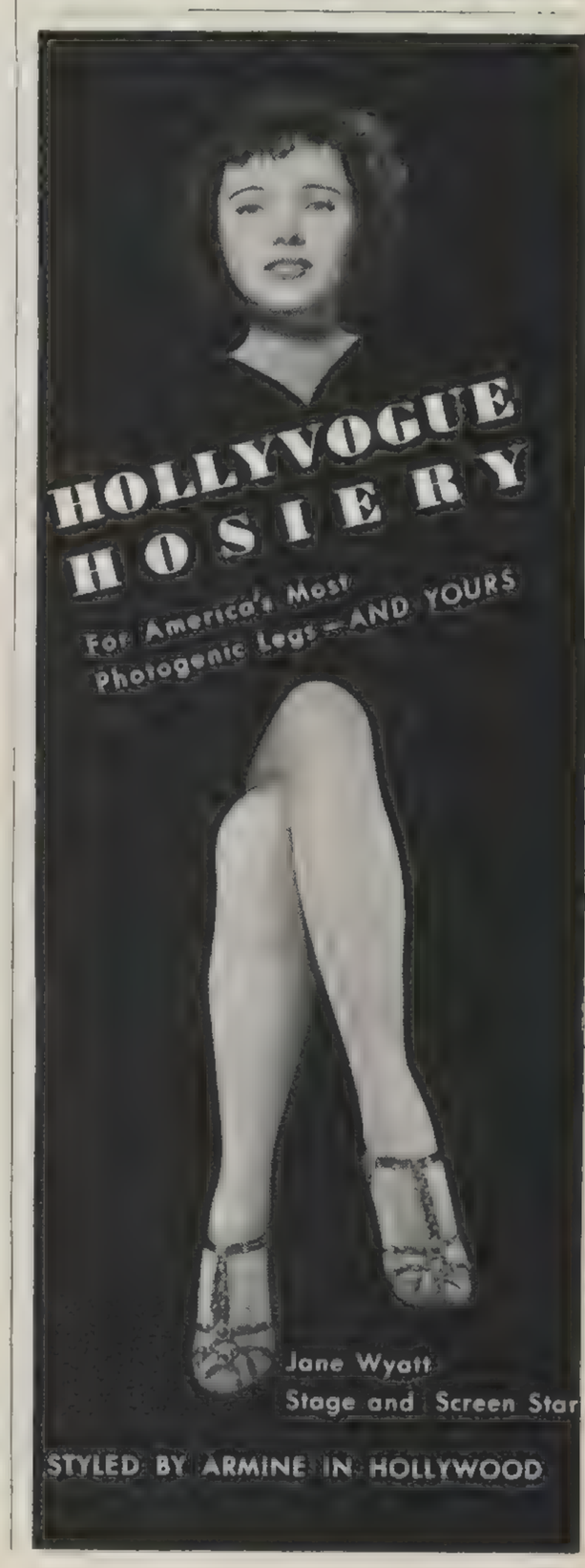

SERVANT IN THE HOUSE(?)

(Continued from page 72)

soon began to hallucinate and hear voices, and had to be sent back to the hospital.

Our last experience with an alcoholic was a little tragic. This particular patient had been employed in a Post Office and was committed periodically for alcoholism. He was an ideal house patient, and we were always glad to welcome him back. After the first few days of looking shamefaced, he settled back into the old routine. Once, when he was completely recovered and was to go home the next day, my husband and I went to New York for the week-end. We forgot to lock the house, also the liquor closet. When we came back, we found the patient had ransacked them both. He was found unconscious on the road, and he didn't go home the next day.

It was a little difficult for me to get used to so-called "normal" help, because I found myself diagnosing every prospect "catatonic praecox," "manic depressive," and so on. After this blew over, I took stock and decided that I wanted a servant in my house who would have a permanent aura about her and who would grow up with the children. I had a six-room apartment and knew that if I wanted help with the baby I would have to assume some part of the household chores. I am fond of cooking, so I have been doing that. I help make up the laundry, occasionally help with the dishes. At first, the maid objected to this, but I persuaded her that it was not an ignoble job, though it seemed to be against all precedent.

We now have an eight-room apartment and two children—one three and one-half and one almost five. In the morning, I take the younger child out (the older one is in school in the morning), do the marketing, go to the park, and call for the older child. By this time, the apartment is cleaned superficially, and lunch is prepared for the children. I don't ask the maid to prepare my lunch. I either eat out or prepare it myself. The children take a nap after lunch, and I have afternoons free for my war work and sewing school.

Celia takes the children to the park, and I come home at about 4:30 and prepare dinner. Celia's daughter, who goes to high school, comes in after school and helps with the housework, serves dinner, washes the dinner dishes, and stays overnight on the evenings that we go out. This allows Celia to go home at seven o'clock. It is difficult to lay down rules that will be applicable to all households, but I have a healthy loathing for housework, except cooking, and I am grateful to have someone who will relieve me of it. I feel that I am better suited and more advantageously placed in my other activities.

New Thinking Needed

I don't think there is a crisis in the servant situation today, but I think we must reorient our thinking in regard to household employees. Their hours must be shortened, the housework must not be too burdensome, and they must have more free time and be well paid. A (Continued on page 74)

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SERVANT IN THE HOUSE(?)

(Continued from page 73)

good attitude pays dividends in loyal service, and we find that in a household with children the instability of numerous changes is harmful to children.

It seems obvious that the neurotic woman who runs a house ineptly is servantless today because she is not kindly and considerate toward her employee. Almost all maids have good potentialities, and if we take time they can be developed, but most women will not make the effort. If Celia finishes her work, and we are having dinner out, I send her home early. If she has leisure and reads, I don't go into a frenzy and "look" for work for her to do. She gets two weeks' vacation with pay in the summer; when she is out ill, she gets paid for it. To many women, this sounds like rank "communism."

When I have a dinner-party in which Celia will be kept overtime, she comes in at noon that day. She likes to smoke after meals, so I keep a pack of Chesterfields in the kitchen for her use. It is also important that a servant be allowed to sleep late occasionally. I have arranged for our Celia to be off every other Sunday. She leaves Saturday evening and returns Monday morning.

Two Horrid Examples

I had dinner at R's house recently. It was a most unpleasant meal, because the waitress scowled and was resentful toward the guests, so that the atmosphere bristled with uneasiness. The food tasted as if it were thrown together, and it was served with little grace. When we retired to the living-room later, my friend said, "I'm so sick of that waitress. She is always disgruntled and angry, and I hate to have that kind of person around the house." I glanced at my friend's face and realized that she was mirroring the maid's expression. R. is an excellent housekeeper, and, as soon as anyone is hired, her time is clocked like a robot. I agreed that it was true that a maid could clean her large apartment in three hours, but she would be a wreck if she worked at this pace every day. I suggested that, on some days, a maid may not be as chipper and her efficiency as great, as on another day.

B. runs a sort of Bohemian household, where she plans to have eight people for supper, doesn't go over the menu carefully, rushes in from cocktails late in the afternoon, and adds a few more straggling guests to the list. B. is usually maidless and doesn't seem to learn an obvious lesson from her behaviour.

Valuable Imponderabilia

There are small ways in which we can make work more agreeable for a servant. I always consult my maid as to the kind of furnishing she prefers in her room and her favourite colour, so that if I am buying new curtains and bedspread or the room is being repainted, it will be pleasing to her.

We must become reconciled to the fact that the old type of slavey is gone—and good riddance to her...the kind of person who worked long hours and did all sorts of work meekly and without spirit. We should rejoice at this progress, because a ten-hour day is sufficient for a human being. My friends have felt that we have "spoiled" our Celia. Perhaps, but it is the kind of spoiling we like, and it has paid enormous dividends in loyalty and excellent service.

S. F. K.

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ALICIA MARKOVA

(Continued from page 38)

a performance, Pavlova gathered a few friends for poker, at which she was a masterful gambler. (I often lost my salary to her.) But Markova is entirely absorbed by dancing. Ballet is her engrossing life. Her memory, which is prodigious, always reflects the ballet, the stage, of the innumerable countries she has visited. She remembers the stage at Rio de Janeiro, the dressing-room at Monte Carlo, the exact number of footlights in the theatre in London, the hundreds of little theatres in the British provinces she toured, the complete ballet program five years ago in Mexico City.

Her Memory, Photographic

This memory of hers comes in handily, not only for her, but for the entire ensemble. At one of those hysterical moments just before the world première of a new ballet when everything dissolves into unpreparedness, the costumes were not ready. The designer fainted. With hysterical absent-mindedness, he couldn't recall the details of costumes. The sketches, of course, could not be found. Everyone, in his own pattern, either screamed or fainted. Quietly, Markova produced from memory the sketches for the costumes which she had seen just once before. In the same way, when an old ballet is to be revived, with nobody remembering the exact parts, Alicia can explain the decisive steps.

There are, of course, only a few moments of relaxation for her. Every morning she practises with her trainer, a kindly Italian tyrant, whom she follows as implicitly as she did his master, who was the head of the famous ballet school, Cechetti, at which Pavlova had also been a pupil. Most of Markova's free time is spent studying and preparing her parts. She goes to museums to look at old paintings, learning from them the different movements of the hands and fingers in the tradition of the period on which the ballet is based. (Her fingers are long, thin, Italianate.) She reads history to broaden her knowledge of a part, she listens to records to grasp the musical line of a ballet. But she always finds time to shop, to window-shop, to buy her grey, white, and black clothes, for she wears no other colours. Dignified, slim, she arrives for rehearsals in tailored English suits, having left at home her cat, Tinker, whose idiosyncrasy it is to wait up for her until after the performance, and then to go to sleep on an old *tutu*. For rehearsals, Markova wears the traditional practice tights of black, as black as her hair that is parted severely in the centre.

Brilliantly Black

Once when we were crossing on the *Ile de France*, a fancy-dress ball was arranged. Everyone tried to be as original as possible, as brilliantly colourful. Alicia came in a floating black evening dress with long, transparent sleeves; she wore black stockings and shoes, and in her hand she carried a simple toy balloon, which she had painted black. She called herself "Blackout." Her blackout was a knock-out, and she won first prize.

But rest always leads her only too quickly to her destination, Rehearsals and Performance. The excitement of the theatre enwraps her so swiftly that everything else loses significance for her. And then her top-flight moments come, those moments when she waits in the wings during "Swan Lake." She hears the *Pas des Quatres*, the male variations; the music stops. She strides on in a performance that actually began in the wings. She takes the centre of the stage. The conductor waits, the house waits. She holds control, this small, brittle woman in a white *tutu*. She waits until her own control is exact, her nerves knowing, relaxed. She nods. The music plays two bars. Markova dances.

[*Editor's Note:* Efrem Kurtz came to America ten years ago to conduct the Ballet Russe, which he left a year and a half ago to devote himself to symphonic music. A tall, rangy Russian, short on Slavic melancholia, long on wit, he conducted for Isadora Duncan, led the Berlin and Stuttgart Philharmonic Orchestras. At Stuttgart, he met the great Anna Pavlova, and for three years directed her music on special occasions—winning a distinguished reputation in the process. In London, Paris, South America, Australia, Mr. Kurtz has led the leading orchestras. In America, he has appeared with the New York Philharmonic, the NBC Symphony, the Detroit and Cleveland Orchestras; this season, he will again conduct the New York Philharmonic Orchestra summer concerts at the Lewisohn Stadium in New York.]

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